

THE
Womens Conquest.

A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it was Acted by his Highness the Duke
of York's Servants.

Written by the Honourable E. H.

*Me lectori credere mallem,
Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi.*



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PREFACE.

THE best excuse that can be given for a Preface before a Play, is when the Reader is not troubled with an Apology for the Authors faults, it being too much to abuse his patience with both ; since if just, they will soon be perceived by an impartial apprehension, and more, that he bestows on the world a needless Sophism ; there being nothing more hard, then to cozen men by an excuse of Wit, for which the generality of judgments have so little kindness, as they will hardly receive any ; nor do I find that the Antient Poets, or any of most repute of our Modern, assumed this kind of vindication to themselves ; though perhaps they might have done it, with more assurance of success, then any that now most confidently undertake it ; either as they contemn'd the impotent censures and cavils, that were spread against their performances, or else a judicious confirmation in themselves, that their works were the best defiances that could be given their Enemies.

Not that I judge our unimitable *Johnson*, or those wonders of Wit, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, were without their failings, or that in some things, their Plays were not questionable, as well as ours ; though I could wish our Muses were so happily adorned, as their spots and

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beauties appear together: and I doubt it may be truly affirmed, that in the greatest of their failings, they sell more below themselves, then beneath us; which gives us some caution not to be too busie with their faults.

It is one thing to be excellent, and another to be absolutely perfect; the Diamond doth require some polishing, though of most commendable figure and brightness: The like may be said of these excellent Poets, their thoughts were always pretious, though not alike polished and set off by themselves.

Wit is one of the best Talents of nature, but like her other productions in Men, must not expect an absolute perfection; it hath been long a growing from the Antients to the Modern, and from them to us, and yet we do not find its growth compleated; like ambition, it seems to have no limit, and yet confin'd in its aspiring: there are some, perhaps, vain enough to judge it high in themselves, though far enough from the top of *Parnassus*; and notwithstanding all the hast, such endeavour to make, I doubt whether the swiftness of their Muse may not fail them by the way.

Most men are naturally inclin'd to give to Antiquity its due respects, and there is some reason for it (if no more) in that we must be old our selves; but he were weakly an admirer of times past, that by an over dotage on them, would continue himself in a Childhood of knowledge; since that were to go backward with ingenuity, as we set too forward theirs, they have their fame, and we must expect ours; though at present they challenge so long a prescription, that until ours
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does number more then the three parts of an age, in equal repute with theirs. I make some doubt whether the best Rhime, or Reason, that the Stage is now beholding to, will establish us as great in the judgment of those who shall succeed us; which, as I am far from assuming it to my self, in behalf of any undertaking of mine, so I shall as unwillingly allow it to the boldest of Pretenders; besides this, we are obliged in so great a measure to those great Artificers of Invention, and Wit, by which they raised our Stage to its former glory, as also in a high degree for those excellent rules and observations, which (if well heeded) cannot but improve our endeavours in this kind, and from whom (if we do well) it is impossible to differ so far, as to declare them Enemies, and like the example of the *Trojan Hero*, to erect a Trophee and superscribe on it,

Aeneas hac de Danais victoribus arma.

But as I am nothing concern'd, or envy the reputation of any man, on what account soever the world is pleased to allow it him; so I conceive that others have as little to do with mine, and I will be as free in delivering my opinion, as I willingly allow them the liberty of theirs; since I do not conceive the Muses have yet established their Dictator in Poetry; though I am not desirous to controvert any thing (except I shall be necessarily mov'd thereunto) and which signifies little more then to try who can squirt Ink farthest: to which purpose, I will retire to my self, desiring the Readers excuse, that I have led him so far about, before I have spoken of my Play; in order to which, I have chiefly design'd

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design'd this discourse ; having made my self so far a party on the side of our former Poets, that I have composed this Play in some resemblance to theirs of the like nature, which in my judgment I have esteemed best. I have given it the name likewise of Tragi-Comedy, as I find they have done some of theirs, which I need not particularize to the Reader, because they are well enough known to be at this day no inconsiderable ornament and entertainment of the Stage ; not that I will undertake to justify the word (since every Play, if strictly taken, must be either Tragedy or Comedy, excluding Farce, which does not so much as deserve a *Dramatis Personæ* to be set before it, as we shall soon manifest) And it was doubtless created by former Poets, who finding that mixt Plays were very sutable to the English Stage, and that it was somewhat below the denomination of their Heroicks to call them simply Comedies (which as they are corruptly understood, imply, little more then scurrility and laughter, though of far greater dignity, if rightly apply'd) They allow'd them the names of Tragi-Comedies, & I do not find but the highest of our English Tragedies (as *Cataline*, *The Maids Tragedy*, *Rollo*, *The Cardinal and Traytor*) considerable enough to be rank'd with the best of these, are at all undervalued by their Authors, in being sweetned with mirth; for as all people do not come purposely to sympathize their passions with those of the Plays, so some will expect to be diverted accordingly ; nor do I believe that it is less natural (as some have thought) to form a Play, that shall have this variety of

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Genius, then I do to find of mankind some grave, reserv'd, fierce, cruel, others of more airy and pleasant converse, to mingle humours and affairs together.

If we take our observations from the Courts of Princes, before we descend lower, we shall find it familiar enough (and doubtless Plays are most profitable as well as delightful, when they so represent humane things and actions, as even the greatest are as obvious to our remarques, as those of a lower orb of experience) nor do I conceive any kind of Plays more difficult to be truly form'd, then such as have this Heroick mixture, because it is not easie to give humour and mirth a natural rise and generous correspondency with the grandeur of the other, which if futable in point of character, cannot render it less grateful to the Audience, it being as it were two Plays in one.

Nor do I find that the serious Plays (now in use) wholly relie upon their Heroick foundation, why else are we diverted by Scenes, Mâchins, Habits, Jiggs, and Dances; but to give more variety of entertainment to the Spectators? either as they are not otherwise to be trusted, or least the Audience should be too soberly tired without them, which I will not presume to imagine: and whether it be not as natural to admit of a course of Comedy that is made essential to the Plot and dignity of the Play; I leave it to my Reader to judge.

Verse that ends in Rhime is generally now the Mode of Heroick Plays, but whether so natural and proper, I will not controvert, otherwise then by declaring my
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opinion, that I like it not so well as I do Verse without it, and I conceive I have reason enough on my side; for who can believe that words must not of necessity lose much of their grace, and emphasis, when deliver'd in Rhime, which limits so much of both to it self; or that the thoughts of *Seneca* in his Tragedies could have been so well, or better expressed in any language whatsoever in Rhime (though to an ear that is most delighted with the noise) then they are delivered by him; or that our former Poets have been exceeded in height of expression and fancy, because their Muses have mounted without these Bells jingling at their heels; doubtless a judicious spirit may soon observe the difference, nor can lines in Rhime ever run so smooth, but there will be some unnaturalness in them as to the freedom of dialogue, and converse (which Plays should resemble) because Verse of that kind will of necessity be sententious and restrain it, and consequently be improper to manage the various intrigues of a Play, or else in plain terms be forced to want them: Nor is a grave or wise manner of speaking to be allow'd the wittiest, because that which is sober enough as to Wisdom, may be far enough off from being Witty; and he that will not grant the former to be more easie to invent, must conclude that the Wit of Poetry is as familiar with Men as Gravity and Prudence; nay, it is plainly to be observed, that generally Men write better for the Stage this way, (I mean in Rhime) then they have, or can do, after the manner of our former Poets without it; which is some demonstration that

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that the latter is less difficult, though more unnatural than the former: And for my greater Authority I will adde these few excellent Verses of our Famous *Johnson* on this subject, which he calls a fit Rhime against Rhime.

*Rhime the rack of finest Wits
That extracteth but by fits
True conceits,
Spoiling senses of their treasure,
Coursening judgment with a measure,
But false weights.
Soon as lazie thou wert known,
All good Poetry hence was flown, &c.*

And as I doubt not well enough to wave any oblique exception that any man can throw on my Opinion (since patronized by his) so I do not detract from the deserts of any who have done well in this kind, otherwise then by declaring, that as I find it not used by our former Poets, I likewise do not approve it, or have made use of it in this Play of mine; 'tis true, according to their example (which I wish I could have better imitated) I have writ a Masque in Rhime, and closed some Scenes, and all my Acts likewise with it, which places have ever been allowed most proper for it, because they are Period in which the Audience may best expect a weighty and sententious close; and whensoever Verse was us'd by *Ben Johnson*, as it is in *Sylla's Ghost*, or scatter'd in some places in *Sejanus*; I cannot but observe his Art and Nature together, in not confining the periods of sense and Rhime together (as is too much us'd now)

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but most commonly by carrying the sense of one Verse into part of another, which Elevates the stile of Verse (as is to be seen in *Virgil*) and without which it will never shew so like Prose, and proper for Dialogue, as it ought to do; an example to be worthily imitated by such as will write in Verse, to whose consideration I presume to commend it.

In the Epick way, I judge that Rhime is far more allowable, (though the Antients us'd it not) because Verse of that kind may be granted to appear more grave and stately, which represents a continued gravity of Style and Matter, (which notwithstanding, by reason of the great extent of the Argument, the variety of the Descriptions and Dialogues, will be more varied in this then in any other manner of using Verse, as is well known to the judicious) besides, that our English Language is neither so copious and great, as Greek or Latin, as must needs be perceived in *Homer* and *Virgil* Translated; so that though Rhime in Verse be of little use to sense (and consequently one of the poorest talents of the Muses) yet as it confers on Verse a Solid and sententious manner of expression (a fault in Dramatick Poësie, if two frequently us'd, as is discours'd before) I conceive it may be decently admitted in the Epick way; but then it ought to be written with a free and unconfined nature, as is before instanc'd in the measures of *Virgil*; and as it is my judgment, so I have made it practicable in that small Heroick Poem of mine, called *The Brittish Princess*, which I will not presume to commend, more then that it is so far at least an imitator of Antiquity.

Neither

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Neither do I believe that Sir *William D'avenant*, who was the first introducer of Rhime on the Stage, did otherwise intend it then for vocal Representations, and *Operas*, (in which it may do well) rather than for Plays, as was known in his *Pern*, and *Siege of Rhodes*. And I presume that my Lord of *Orrery* (whose Ingenuity in Verse brought it more in fashion; in those ornaments he bestowed on the Stage in *Mustapha*, and other of his Heroick Compositions) would not judge it a debasing of their worth, if they were distinguished by the name of Poems, instead of Plays, for reasons that he is better able to give himself, than any which I have here presumed to offer; but enough of this subject, which I thought fit to touch, to justify so far my excuse in not complying in my Play, with that manner of Verse written in others.

As likewise that I have not been help'd by any History or known Tale in forming of my Plot (not but that I conceive it very allowable, if well managed, and that the truth of History be not evidently impaired by it, which were to render the actions of men contradictory and fabulous, where they are otherwise verifed by authority) being willing to believe that a reasonable Genius (and such a one I will only presume to) might produce that which should be at least as new and useful, as any thing could be taken from either; nor do I find but the greatest Plays formerly were the Poets own Tales, as well as Plots; and doubtless they found few better than they could devise, as also that it was natural and delightful for them to manage such best.

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There are three things which chiefly the Muses require to compleat their perfections; the first is the beauty of Invention or Design, its two fair seconds, Eloquence and Wit, with an useful improvement of these to our converse and manners, (nor did I ever observe any man so ignorantly confident to affirm, that a Poem, or Play, could be compleated with Humours and Characters alone) though above all, the first is to be allowed the greater value, as being the fountain from whence these streams must flow.

Thus a Poet is said to be a maker or feigner, as the word ποιῆν signifies in Greek, from whence it is derived according to *Aristotle*; in like manner the Structures of Poesie are not decently to be raised like other buildings, in which the foundation is the design of one man, the model anothers, the fitting of the timber, and other materials a thirds; whilst the Poet should not only be the sole Architect, but all other operations contrived and performed by himself; besides it destroys the improvement of Fiction (the exercise of the Muses) pinioning those wings they delight to spread, and doth advantage, though little more, then to be lazily diligent; insomuch that it is very observable, since Translating hath been so much practis'd, and taking from Romances and Foreign Plays, the compositions arising from them appear not less disproportion'd and uneven, then if a Painter undertaking to describe a History, should from the drawings of Masters, and Figures in Print (to a judicious eye very discernable) take a posture from one, a head from another, a body from a third, and having put

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put them on such legs as he shall make for them, confidently averre he hath performed the noble invention and design that belongs to a Story Painter. And I doubt not to affirm, that the great veneration and repute of former Tales amongst the Antients, lessened not only fiction and contrivance in their works, but in like manner did mightily prejudice most of all their Successors in Poesie, who have endeavoured to lay their designs after the same manner; insomuch, that who judiciously examine it, may soon find how thin and deficient their Poems were, in respect of that beauty their sublime expressions gave them, (excepting *Virgill's* the Prince of Poets to which I attribute all things) And had they equally been happy in the glory of the other, there had been small honour to have been gotten by the Muses at this day.

And that I may come nearer my Reader, I will presume to say, that I should be unwilling (for the reasons here given) to have been Author of the contrivance of *Statins*, *Tasso*, or any I have seen since *Virgil* in the Epick way, as in the Dramatick I dislike the Tragedian *Seneca* in the choice of his Argument and Characters, in both of which, he is so far out-done by our *English* Poets, that he cannot in that kind (notwithstanding the greatness of his thoughts) stand in any comparison with them; which can be attributed to no other cause, then his doting on those pitiful Tales of *Medea*, *Hippolitus*, *Thesens*, *Hercules*, and the like (that were less worthily then long the esteem of Antient Poets;) and it is something more a wonder, that the Schools being so frequent amongst

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amongst them in those days, they should forget to improve this obvious Philosophical Maxim, *Omne agens agit propter finem*, which as it holds in all humane actions, so its prudence ought to be heightned as far as possible, both in Epick, and Dramatick writing.

I confess a Poet should not be so negligent, as to be unacquainted with the Tales and Fictions of the Antients, in which he ought to be well knowing, as far as necessary, or as he ought to be conversant with all other learning of times past, since the Muses seldom vouchsafe their favours, where there is not a preparation suitable to their dignity and greatness; as it were absurd to invite a Queen, and have no ornaments fit for her reception; so on the other side, the advantages of literature should be rather assistant to Fiction, then any way burthening or depressing it; *Virgil* perhaps of all Poets was most learn'd, yet shews us in all parts of his works, that his Muse was the Mistress of his Studies, and that their best splendors, were to serve for her greater delight and entertainment. In other Sciences, Learning is a Tutor, but in this of Poetry, Fiction must illustrate, and guide that, leading us unto those pleasant retirements of the Muses, where as from various and beautiful platforms of Gardens, is beheld the particular designments of shades, walks, and flowers.

Words are the children of thought, and man must be granted to have first imagined speech, before he could express any conception of his by words; so that thought, was both the primitive ground, and glory of
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Tongues, which successively came to be more improved ; and doubtless it was the Wit of Poets that (above all) refin'd their own languages ; so that I wonder to find it affirmed, that *Ben. Johnson* (who had such a soul of thought) did by Translating beautifie our Tongue ; as if his ingenuity was not to be allowed the glory of doing far more by its single strength. I should be loth to wish any so ill, as that he were alive to answer the imputation ; however, I could be well content, that such as will make him their president in Translating from others, could dispose of it so well, and that they had like wise as much Wit, and Learning besides.

Translating, may I grant, adds some perfection to a language, because it introduces the wit of others into its own words, as the *French* have of late done well in theirs ; and we have pretty well requited their kindness to us, in rendring so much of theirs in ours ; but where I can make use of good Originals, I shall be more sparing of my esteem of Copies, and I dare averre, that the Ingenuities of *Johnson*, *Beaumont*, and *Fletcher*, with some other of our former Poets, left our language more improved, as it expressed their thoughts, then if the best of *Italian*, *Spanish*, and *French* Wit, had been Translated by the greatest of Pens. I wish it be our good fortune (for the benefit of future times) to leave our Tongue as much enlarged and imbellished, as they left it to us.

With as little reason can any man affirm, that *Virgil* did not elevate the Latin Tongue to that strength and sublimeness of style, from the vivacity of his thoughts, rather then from those few conceptions, and perhaps the
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the meanest of his works, which he copied from *Homer*, whether in honour of that antient Tale of *Troy*, or some other of his Fables which the world had long admired (as it was the manner of the Antients, as is already mention'd) and I doubt are very imperfect in *Homer*, if compared with the manner of his delivering them in his second Book, for which his more victorious Laurel might deserve no less than what he expresses of himself, on another occasion in his *Georgicks*, in reference to the *Grecian Poets*;

*Primus ego in patriam mecum (modo vita superfit)
Aonio rediens deducam vertice musas.*

Works that are great and singular, will, and ought to be the imitation of men (as is more particularly the case of *Epick Poësie*) in those few Authors that have writ of it in so many Ages; so that *Statius* and *Tasso* had some kind of noble emulation in endeavouring to be the Successors of *Virgil*, notwithstanding they were beholding to him for much of their Model and Characters, and could not come so near his height, as he exceeded *Homer*; like small Structures that must be content to be over-looked by a more stately Palace, though they epitomize its resemblance; whilst in the Dramatick way, the Genius of men hath not been so confin'd, nor any particular manner and authority in point of writing so much acknowledged for excellent; wherefore the same license is not reasonably to be admitted, but if we will needs make the first our Presidents, for the liberty that

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is now taken in the latter, it were well for the Stage, if such things were only imitated of our Antient Poets, that have had transcendent applause from our former Theaters: And doubtless it is a commendable prudence in Writers of what kind soever, if they endeavour to heighten their Works and Stiles, from the examples of others, that have been most approved in the same kind, (since example were of small use otherwise) as he that would be master of the Latin Tongue, might be well content to imitate the stiles of *Cicero* and *Cæsar*; the like may be said of some excellent Presidents in our own Language, the defect whereof is no small reason that neither Latin, nor English is so well written, as it might be at this day.

Having thus far discours'd of Heroick Plays (and such other things as I thought incident to them, and to which this Dramatick composition of mine is in part relating) I shall in the next place (though with less prolixity) give my Reader an account of the other part of it, which is Comedy, and of that kind of Poesie in general.

Though the Nature of Comedy be not the same with Tragedy, the end of it is; for Instruction is the part of both, as man may be disciplin'd under several School-masters.

The word Comedy was derived from the Greek word *κωμωδία*, or more largely understood by the Antients of a Play representing humane life and manners; whereas the business of Tragedy is in a higher nature to dispose and elevate the intrigues of passions and affections; I mean such as depend on Ambition,

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on, Revenge, Love, Honour, and the like, and so detect their vices accordingly. As it is the duty of Comedy to do the same, in those that come nearest our Moralities, though it must be granted that the representation of Tragedy, cannot be so universally practicable (and consequently not of that benefit to mankind) because its concernments, and actions, are more sublime, and separated from the universality of men, rather fit only for the ear of Princes, (who are very often the greatest number of characters in a Tragical Fable) then for a lower degree of Persons; which shews us, that Comedy hath some merit above it, in that it is of a more universal nature. Upon which occasion our famous *Johnson* well observes, that *Lyfippus* was not able to form with his Graver, or *Apelles* to Paint with his Pencil, those life stroaks and touches, that true Comedy represents, in respect of the various affections of the mind, in beholding the insolence of some in joy, the melancholy frettings of others, the raging madness of such as are undone with love, avarice, riot, tortur'd with expectation, consum'd with fear, &c. as he gives the example, and to whom we are obliged for so many excellent Dramatick Characters to this purpose.

And as Tragedy requires a strong intrigue and Plot (I wish it were more observed now adays) as being the representation of highest passions, and actions; so Comedy in like manner would abound with all delightful variety of both, by which we behold the humours, and inclinations of men, in due elevation, and magnitude; not that it is requisite that all the characters in a Play should

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should be equally great, or manage alike the main drift of the Drama, (as lines drawn from the center of a circle, have an equal extent within its circumference) but rather receive a becoming proportion, which is indeed the Golden Rule to be observed in Plays, and requires no less the invention, and skill of the Poet to make it practicable; for as in Mathematical Operations, there is nothing more hard then to be cunning in the Symmetry of lines, and figures they express; so the Poets disposition of his characters, ought in as high a degree to be proportionable to that body of thought he designs for them. This is that which enobles Language and Wit, giving to both a decorum on the Theater; for though the Muses prescribe few rules, they abhor irregularity, and license, 'tis their sublime instinct, where their excellencies meet in any, as is divinely expressed by *Ovid*.

Sedibus æthereis spiritus ille venit.

And as *Lipsius* affirms, *Scio Poetam neminem præstantem fuisse, sine parte quadam uberiore divina mentis.*

Plays that are Historical, or have much of narration in them, are generally ingrateful, because they dull the edge of the hearers, which as it is sharpen'd by observing what is actually produc'd, so it is impair'd by hearing of relation instead of action, whether it be true or false, an unpardonable error in most of the *French* Writers, who it seems did not well apprehend that things actually represented, have more of nature, and life in them, then any account of them, that can be given in words; as likewise such Plays may be cen-

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fur'd, the body of whose design consists more essentially on the mistakes of persons, then the intrigues of passions, as most of the *Spanish* do, and some of the *French*, where the grand design is to keep the spectators in suspense, till it end with discovery of the true person, by reason that it cannot be of so much concern to an Audience, as when Plays sympathize with those passions that are observable in men; which is so obvious, that I need say no more as to these particulars, they being equally defects in Tragedy and Comedy.

And as Plays in either kind, ought to have the same end, in respect of manners, so there is an Analogy and commendable resemblance of characters in both, though of different natures, according to the rule, *contraria juxta se apposita, magis elucescunt*. For as in the characters of Tragedy there will be some violent in love, others haughty, rash, and turbulent, above what is ordinary to be observed in men; so Comedy will have its extravagancies (besides many more) in morose, heedless, timorous and foolish persons, which are images of the like contrary effects of nature; in like manner, the designs and adventures depending on these, have their proportions; for as Dramatick characters will have some remoteness from the ordinary actions of men, so must their undertakings be sutable; wherefore I wonder to find it affirmed, that extravagancies of actions should be fixed on Farce, (which is rather an entertainment of Mimikry, than a Play in any kind) since Plays must not be so even, as to represent nothing above nature, which were to make them more reasonable, then Poetical; besides,

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besides, it is a commendable license (especially in Poetry) to represent what is rather useful to know, (as it seems actually done) then the possibility of it, so it provide well for our manners; as we see in Comedies, where we are taught from the mouths of Fools, and by such extravagancies as are in some kind impossible to be supposed, how we may become the wiser; why else did our learned *Johnson* compleat that great work of his *Alchymist*, with such persons that continue a prosecution of extravagancy of humour or impossibility together, (except the making of the Philosophers Stone be held a known truth) or that his *Dol Cômôn* representing the Queen of Fairies, was not to pass upon the weak capacity of *Dapper* deceived by it? The same may be affirmed of his *Cynthias Revells*, where *Cupid*, *Mercury*, and *Eccho* have parts, or somewhat more extraordinary in his *Devil's an Ass*, where the grand Demon, and a lesser, are made characters, as Satyrical Reflections on Vanity and Vice, to be corrected by them; which shews, that the truth or possibility of the characters, is less to be considered, then the Morality they aim at. *Et hercule omnis falsa dicendi ratio in eo est, ut aliter quam est rectum verumque dicatur*, as *Quintilian* observes.

As the chief end of Comedy is improvement of manners, so the mirth arising thence, is to entertain our passions, and affections with delight proper thereunto; wherefore to make laughter the chiefest end of Comedy, is to impair its more superiour esteem, since what is ridiculous, is not therefore Comedy. If a

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Clown were shewn in a Ladies Gown, or a Scaramuchio that provokes laughter, no otherwise then by making a wry face, or gesture, he must strangely participate of vulgar folly, that would call either of these the parts of Comedy, since they work nothing on the affections, no more then a man can be said to laugh properly without mirth, or be sick, and have no disease.

But I need not trouble my Reader with a farther vindication of comedy, (though it be some misfortune to our Theaters in being so little happy in it this Age) other then by taking leave to suppose, that it is undervalu'd most by such as do not rightly conceive of its worth, or else despair of writing, what shall merit its esteem or name.

There is another sort of diversion on the Stage, much received of late (I will not question with what prudence) and that is Farce ; which, as I have said before, consists of Mimikry and other ridiculous Gestures mingled together, for which it may properly enough bear the denomination, though it is no more of kin to a Play, then a Mule is to a Horse, in having somewhat longer ears ; or that a Pedlar who hath some things in his Pack, that Drapers and Silkmen furnish their Shops with, should be said to be of these Trades, though he hath none lawfully of his own.

No less doth this *French Mode* of entertainment on our Theaters, vilifie mirth, and countenance for the most part debauchery, where it is frequent to observe, the waiting womans intrigue is to Pimp for the Madam, and the *Valet de Chambre* for the *Monsieur* he serves,

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serves, which performed with some ease in the compass of five Acts, they go to bed likewise for their labour; the rest of the characters have commonly so little to say for themselves, that a man cannot discern a Fantastick Fool, or Clown, otherwise then by their Habits or Gestures.

And as Farce cannot be allow'd to be Comedy, in its meanest signification, because it doth not perform the requisites unto it; so I find no reason to call Comedy low, though consisting of mean characters, if answering the ends already expressed (as is to be seen in not a few of our antient ones) and cannot deserve a more worthy esteem, if by the skill and wit of the Writer, the characters of vulgar men are made worth the observation of the greatest, according to that of *Virgil* in his *Georgicks*, speaking on the familiar subjects, he there treats of;

*Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum,
Quàm sit, & angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.*

Notwithstanding I would not be thought averse from such a choice of persons in Comedy, as are most fit to character the most generous instruction of manners; wherefore if for the greatest number they represent the same dignities in either Sex, the entertainment is more suitable to the Audience, which most considerably doth consist of these; and here I cannot chuse but reflect on our mean imitation of *French Plays*, by introducing of servants and waiting women to have parts, with-

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without being essential characters ; an error well avoided by our former writers, who never admitted any, otherwise then as messengers and attendants, except on the account of being characters, as is to be seen by *Nymphs* in *Bartholomew Fair*, and *Face* in the *Alchymist* ; the latter of which (notwithstanding what can be objected against him) may deservedly be granted one of the best parts on our English Stage.

But perhaps we are not now so destitute of characters, as we are of design and wit to manage them, invention being ready to afford many, and observation some ; though here I cannot chuse but censure the unpoetical, and no less offensive license in particularly designing the persons of any, an abuse that deserves to be severely reſented, ſince (if permitted) no man can be ſecured, but that he may give his money to obſerve his alliance, friend, or himſelf, made his injurious entertainment on a publick Stage ; beſides, Plays ought more to reflect on manners, then men, as being their moral uſe, and when they do otherwiſe, they are Libels rather then Plays, and nauſeate the ear of a modeſt Audience.

Having made theſe obſervations on our paſt and preſent Stage, I muſt be ſo ingenuous with my Reader, as to fear, that the perfection of our former Dramatick Poefie ought more politickly to have been my diſpute with others, then that I ſhould have maintain'd its praiſe, ſince he is prompted by it, to compare the excellency of their Plays with my defects in this, and for which I have an objection to anſwer, though, I hope, a weak one,

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one, concerning the character of *Tyſſannes*, whom I find to be charg'd with a breach of promise to *Statyra*; the matter of fact I confeſs; but as actions have their degrees of evil, as the circumſtances relating thereunto ſhall render them more or leſs excuſable; ſo I muſt ſay in the behalf of this my character, that the temptation of enjoying of a Crown together with the love of the *Scythian* Queen, did produce his neglect of *Statyra*; and whoſoever ſhall conſider the prevalency of ambition in Princes, (eſpecially in one without a Crown, which was his caſe) and how often they forfeit the higheſt obligations to advance it, will grant I ſuppoſe without much difficulty, that there needs ſmall excuſe for his character; beſides, there was ſuch a reparation on his ſide, both to his Queen, and her, that though he remov'd the former, partly for her ſake, he did not make himſelf ſo guilty, as to marry the latter; but by a due ſorrow for his ingratitude to both, confirm'd an honourable reputation on his character; all which the Reader may obſerve in the Play: ſo that it is not merely the doing of ill, but the perſiſting in it, that fixes an indelible ſtain on perſons; beſides, that no man is of neceſſity to be preſented on the Stage with an evenneſs of paſſion, as being neither common, or natural in men, in whom defects will have ſome place with virtue.

This objection (though feeble enough) hath been endeavour'd to be ſupported by the impertinent cavils of ſome, who will hardly like any thing, and care as little for what is good; whether this proceeds from their ſpleen to the ingenuities of men, or that they hold it a

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more noble employment for their Criticism, I cannot tell ; and yet I do not find any other objection made against my Play, though both the design and characters were new as the hour in which it was first seen, being wholly created without having reference to truth otherwise, then possibly consistent with it in the persons I introduce, according to *Horace* ;

Ficta voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris.

The misfortune it had in having some of the Parts ill and imperfectly performed, as also the laying down of it, the sixth day of its being presented, when the Audience was very near as considerable, as the first day it was Acted, as also an intermission hitherto occasioned by the long absence of some principal Actresses, could not but prejudice the esteem it gain'd, and might have been improv'd in a further time ; not that I judge of the validity of Plays, according to the good fortune they have in point of reception, it having been ordinary enough for very mean or ill ones (especially in this Age) to have had the credit of getting money at a small expence of Wit, whilst they have little more reason to glory in the heat of their acceptation, or number of hearers, then the Fly had in the Fable, that sitting upon a Wheel, most ingeniously boasted of the dust that was rais'd by it.

I fear I have trespass'd too much on my Readers patience (though I have not troubl'd him with any other extraordinary Dedication) being ready to acknowledge that what I have writ here, seems more a discourse, or Essay on
Dra-

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Dramatick Poesie, then a Preface to a Play; and indeed, I had thoughts of compiling the discussing of that subject with some things of that nature, not but I conceiv'd it might be as usefully given him in this place, where he may more readily observe how far I have made practicable the Theory of this kind of writing I most esteem; nor do I undertake to rectifie the judgments of others, farther then theirs shall do mine, where I conceive their reasons to be more prevalent; or would willingly imploy so frivolously my Pen, as to entertain a Polemick discourse of Plays, that to the prudent can signifie little more then to controvert which is the best way of performing a trifle.

Farewel.

The First Prologue.

Enter Angel and Underhill.

Ang. **M***R. Underhill*—As I am a man of mirth, I am so overjoyed to day, that I could caper from one end of our Stage to the other,

Und. I fear, Mr. *Angel*, you are too jocund before-hand; Wit is grown a ticklish thing of late; and how our Play will take, is some question.

Ang. Take, why there's no doubt of it's taking,——To which purpose be it known to all here present, that we are to act a Farce to day, that hath sixteen Mimicks in it, several Jack-Puddings, and Punchinellos, never presented before, with two and thirty Dances and Jiggs *a-la-mode* besides.

Und. A Farce to day, say you?

Ang. Yes, & I hope to morrow, and to morrow, and so to the end of our lives.

Und. Must we still persist then to fool Wit out of countenance, and so bid farewell to good Plays and Comedy for ever?

Ang. We must, as I take it, until there are Poets that can write them.

Und. In the mean time, we are like to maintain a despicable Stage.

Ang. And why so, Sir, ought not that which gets the most money, be held the best Wit? I suppose our Company are much of that opinion.

Und. However, as I am an Actor, and bound to honour true Mirth and Comedy, I am so far concern'd, that I could wish the Scaramuchos, and Jack-Puddings were sent to their proper Stages, since Plays are now grown so greasie with French Lard, that an Actor do's not know how to handle them.

Ang. My right reverend Comedian, you are not wise, and thus I demonstrate it——I will play a Farce ten to one against a Comedy, Tragi-comedy, or any Heroick Play whatsoever.

Und. And be sure it will take?

Ang. I told you before, that was no question---nay more, I can assure you, that many good Wits of the Town encourage it, who damn all Plays besides.

Und. Perhaps in compassion to us Actors, or out of contempt to the Writers of this Age, whose Wit they judge cannot reach the elevation of their Brain.

Ang. No matter whether it be from the Poles above, or the Poles below, I am sure they are better then Pole-stars to us, provided they dispense their influence often here.

Und. And what shall become of the new Play, intended to have been this day presented? *Ang.* Why, our Actors have soberly resolved, it shall be deferred to some other time. *Und.* As I hope to act good part again, I am sorry for it, but is it certain? *Ang.* There is nothing certain in the world, though 'tis so concluded, unless some unexpected prohibition, or Fate hinder it---but 'tis almost time.

Enter Noakes.

We withdraw in order to our parts and properties---here comes Mr. *Noakes* ready dress'd. *Und.* Then I perceive we shall have a Farce to purpose, and 'tis odds, but he personates one beetle-brow'd Fellow or other.

Ang.

Ang. O Mr. *Noaks*, you have habited your self very properly.

Noak. According to my best apprehension, Gentlemen. *Und.* But you should not have entred with your face grim'd, 'twill discover too much of our Farces plot before-hand. *Noak.* There's good design in it, I warrant you.

Und. But what shall we do for a Prologue? *Noak.* Leave that to me, Sirs, I'll give u'm one a new way. *Ang.* Mark that, Mr. *Underbills* and shall we have a novelty in our Prologue, Mr. *Noakes*? *Noak.* I have devised it purposely, because a new way is generally taking in what kind soever. *Und.* I am much of that opinion, since I have observed that new non-sense is valued more then old Wit. *Noak.* What think you then, if I speak to all the Judges in the Pit by looks and grimasks? *Ang.* A rare and prodigious thought! I have known a device like this, serve well in a Play. *Und.* And hath been thought a good Scene too. *Noak.* And first on you Criticks, I'll leer thus, like a Satyr; for the moderate Wits thus; for ho, ho, ho's, who laugh in such good earnest, when there is no Jest given them, comically thus.

Enter Changling.

Und. No more of your grimasks, good Mr. *Noakes*. *Noak.* And why so, Sir? *Und.* Because I have consider'd better, and since 'tis resolv'd, we shall have a Prologue to our Farce, here is one shall give it u'm the Farce way exactly. [To the Changling.]

Ang. There's nothing better——the very Pudding of our Farce that must fill the Audience up to the throat with laughter. *Noak.* Since you will have it so, you shall find me reasonable; I confess 'tis a pretty toyish modish way.

Und. And what is most extraordinary, he shall dance out a Prologue.

Ang. A Prologue to be danced, aha, aha, Boys. [Angel leaps.]

Noak. And I make Still-Musick with my mouth the whilst, shall I, Sirs?

Und. 'Tis not amiss; come hither, Changling, and set your feet, and looks in order for the Prologue.

Chang. Shall it be with my face, feet, and hands, tredoudling thus?

Ommes. 'Tis very innocent and well.

Chang. Il'e warrant you, I'll tredouple it so, that it shall take to purpose.

Ommes. Musick there for the Prologue.

The Musick plays, he dances a while, then is heard a noise with Thunder and Lightning, at which time Ben. Johnson personated rises from below.

Noak. Ha, Thunder and Lightning!——I hope the Madam Muses are not displeas'd with us.

Ang. But what apparition is this moving towards us?

Und. As I am an Actor, 'tis the Genius of the old Comick Poet *Ben. Johnson*, I know it by his Picture that hangs up in the *Strand*.

Ang. Fly, fly, Associates, there's no being on the Stage longer, for us of the Farce party. [They go off several ways.]

After which *Ben. Johnson* personated, goes up to the Audience, and speaks a Prologue.

The

The Second Prologue personated like Ben Johnson
rising from below.

BEhold I Ben appear, your Poet once,
That living durst a vengeance here denounce
On all the Stages Crimes, and Judges dare
To make my Wit their sense, or else their fear;
Thus have I left th' Elizium Shades and Groves,
The sacred Mansions of the Muses Loves,
Where I my Bays till now unwither'd saw
In my immortal Plays, that here gave Law.
But now provok'd, the Muses quarrel take,
And from their call thus my appearance make;
Did I instruct you (well ne're half an Age)
To understand the Grandeur of the Stage,
With the exactest Rules of Comedy,
Yet now y'are pleas'd with Wits low frippery,
Admitting Farce, the trifling mode of France,
To infect you with fantastick ignorance,
Forgetting 'twas your glory to behold,
Plays wisely form'd, such as I made of old;
But by my Bays I swear, if you persist,
And my Judicious Cautions hence resist,
I'll next rise with the Furies from below,
That scourge vile Poets there with Scorpions too,
And with those circl'd, hiss at you, and them,
Except the Scenes just Grandeur you redeem;
Thus for your Crimes, but what this day will be,
The fate and merit of the Play you'll see;
I scarce divine, nor did its Author raise
Me by a Poets charm to give him praise.
I never had an Ear was sooth'd by Rhime,
Or flatter'd to protect a Writers crime.
And might this Authors modesty offend,
Should my Encomium here his Play commend;
Who now prevents it, whilst methinks I hear
A whisper of his doubtings in my ear;
His fears are many, there's such Fate in Wit,
That Plays from fortune more then merit hit,
Whose Muse would blush for such a guilty chance,
Since 'twere the bounty of your ignorance.
But though your crimes in judgment be forbears,
Take heed, how Ben provok'd, once more appears.

Third Prologue.

YOU see what little Arts w^e are fain to try,
To give a Prologue some variety;
Wit you have had, perhaps, in many new,
Though Farce, and Dance, (your much lov'd mirth) in few.

But why Great Johnson's Ghost should thus appear,
As if to hector Wits, and Criticks here,
Who (if the Devil were Poet) would not fear?

'Twas a bold Fiction, and so let it go,
Yet thus far 'tis instructive unto you;
That should you recollect your Judging Crimes,
The Ribaldry of Plays in Prose, and Rhimes,
Johnson might rise indeed, and own it true.

His Plays were Laws to Wit, and Plot well told,
But such you slight, (though wise) because th^e are old;
And well it is for Writers, since that way
You might expect from all who write a Play.

True Comedy, the moral Mirth of Plays,
Lives now the glory of dead Poets Bays,
And like the Phœnix (though confess'd to be)
Produces few of her Posterity.

So rare a piece, our Poet dares not say
You now shall see, but as weak Pencils may
From Titian, or Vandike example take,
And in their figures small resemblance make.

So 'twas the business of our Authors Pen,
To paint some life of Comedy agen,
And like to such as would, but cannot Feast,
Does wish your entertainment were the Best.

The Persons Names.

Tysamnes <i>A Persian Prince Marry'd to the Queen of Scythia.</i>	Mr. Harris.
Bassanes <i>A General, and Prince of the Blood of Scythia.</i>	Mr. Young.
Foscaris <i>A Gentleman of Quality, who longs for his Wife after he has parted with her.</i>	Mr. Smith.
Andrages <i>Another Husband, who loves his Wife so well that he cannot part with her, though she seems to provoke him to it.</i>	Mr. Crosby.
Toxaris } <i>Courtiers to Parisatis Queen of</i>	Mr. Standford.
Alvanes } <i>Scythia.</i>	Mr. Cademan.
Araxis }	Mr. Norris.
Draxanes } <i>Friends to Bassanes.</i>	Mr. Adams.
Eumenes }	Mr. Westwood.
Two Courtiers.	
Parisatis <i>Queen of Scythia.</i>	Mrs. Betterton.
Mandana <i>A Queen of the Amazons.</i>	Mrs. Long.
Statyra <i>A great Persian Lady formerly belov'd by Tysamnes.</i>	Mrs. Johnson.
Clarina <i>Wife to Foscaris.</i>	Mrs. Shadwell.
Melvissa <i>Wife to Andrages.</i>	Mrs. Dixon.
Four Court Ladies.	
Daranthe <i>Chief Commandress of the Amazons.</i>	Mrs. Lee.
Cydane } <i>Embassadresses from the Queen Man-</i>	Mrs. Lilborne.
Renone } <i>dana.</i>	Mrs. Wright.
Masquers.	
Attendants.	
Guards.	

The Scene Scythia.

ACT.

(1)

THE

Womens Conquest.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Toxaris*, *Alvanes*, and *Araxis*.

Tox. **W**ELL Mortals, if any live happy,
'Tis we *Scythians* at this day.
Arax. And prethee why?

Tox. Are not we Men?

Arax. Yes, and Courtiers.

Tox. And what's more, have our Amours unquestion'd
By those meager sort of Females, Wives, whose entails
We can cut off at pleasure, sometimes held necessary
In case of Age, or accidental Ugliness;
Is this no Felicity?

Alva. A sign we had our Predecessors men.

Tox. I, and such Souls of Matrimony, that
Would be all in all in every Act and
Concern of Woman; changing Wives at pleasure,
Sometimes, as oft as Menial Servants: how would
The Wary *Spaniard*, the more Jealous *Italian*
Glory, had they like priviledge?

Alv. And yet,

B

Me

Methinks, this custom of our Nation
In so absolute a dominion over
That weaker sex, is not a little rigid.

Tox. Prethee marry then, and if thou dost not
Find it necessary ; thou'lt be more easie
Yok'd then most in *Scythia*.

Alv. But our Queens marriage
Is my wonder, with this *Persian* Prince
Tysamnes.

Arax. She is wise in all her Actions.

Alva. Yet not by any priviledge exempted
From this our Nations Law, though a Queen ;
'Twere well, she had made it first, some Act of State.

Arax. At least to exempt her self: Princes are
But men, sometimes most various.

Tox. It speaks her
Confidence in her new made Husband.

Arax. Or rather the strength of her own vertue,
That dares trust her merit to embarque
In any storm, should it arise from what
('Twere sin to think) Ingratitude.

Alv. May they live great and prosp'rous.

Arax. *Tysamnes* is a Prince endu'd with many Graces,
Fam'd equal with the best Captains of our Times,
In noble deeds of War ; and though but younger
Brother of the *Persian* Crown, against
Natures act, deserves the first place in that Throne.

Enter *Foscaris*.

Alva. Here comes *Foscaris*, a Gentleman, that has
Newly parted with his Wife, a fair one too.

Arax. But that's a change in this part of *Scythia*,
Few repent, where Women like to flowers,
Are often plac'd in bosoms, but till Love
Fades their sweetness---- what *Foscaris* !----

Fosc. The merry'st man 'twixt this and *Babylon*, Gentlemen.

Tox. You have parted with your Wife.

Fosc. And a fair riddance too ; though as Women
Go now, I think she was vertuous.

Alva. Dost thou not therefore feel some regret
For rejecting from thy embrace, so deserving a
Lady ?

Fosc. No more then a child for throwing away
A toy, when weary of the pastime.
Alas, I have lain by her a whole Moon,
Enjoy'd all her nights, and days varieties :
Pass'd the beginning, the middle, and even
The bottom of all can be call'd fruition ;
Which I confess was most delicious ;
But the heavy thought that this must prove
In the end, but dull repetition,
Did so cloy my appetite.

Tox. Perhaps before it had taken a just fill.

Alv. I confess, had I espous'd such a Lady
I should have been content to have serv'd Love
Two Apprentisships at least----But oh the wonders
Of Matrimony ! how soon has mankind
Enough of the honey of Wedlock.

Fosc. Nay, I dare commend her Graces, besides
I think she lov'd me ; and for her person
Pigmaliions Image might have been copy'd
From her lineaments. A Face in ev'ry feature
Pleasing : such an Eye ! such a Lip ! with a Cheek
Jove ne're was fam'd a smother to impress ;
With something yet, then all, more taking.

Arax. And hadst thou not better have kept this delicate
Food of Love, though thou hadst chang'd sometimes
A meal ; rather then thus utterly to forsake her ?

Fosc. Alas ! I had my Surfeit, Gentlemen, and was
So Wife-sick ; she seem'd to me Loves potion.

Tox. For my part, were I in thy case, and had
A Face of Brass, I should go near to blush through't.
Here comes the Lady——

Enter *Clarina*.

Clar. To be thus thrown from him without a cause,
Or act of ill laid to my charge : on priviledge
Of this our Countries ignominious usage ;
And by a man I lov'd so well ?
Vile, and inhumane custom !

Tox. I hope her vertues, and thy crime will move thee
To repentance : thou art else such a
Tyrant-husband, as has no like, even
In this hard-hearted Clime of ours.

Fosc. Rather indulgent, that gave her means of
Freedom : I open'd but the Cage, and
Now Love may flye, as it lists.

Clar. By my example—
Let none be henceforth made a Bride in *Scythia* ;
Where sacred Tyes, and chastest Love
Is no security.

Tox. Though I am a true *Scythian* and partly
Of thy humour, I could wish thee, (for this act,)
Some fatal penitence.

Fosc. Ha, ha, ha, — Is that
Possible in a man of my complexion ?

Clar. He scarce vouchsafes a look on me ; when but
Solate, each beam of mine was more
Considerable then warmth of Sun-shine.

Alv. We must now leave you to your better thoughts :
The General *Bassanes* is arriv'd the Court.

Our attendance is expected — pity

Clarina has no kinder Husband.

[*Exeunt Alv. Tox. Araxis.*]

Fosc. I'll wait on you Gentlemen : I serv'd
But lately under his command —

Clar. You have no pity left for me ? — [*Offers to go out, Clar.*]

Fosc. A little somewhat ; but thou seest I am now *says him.*
In haste.

Clar. I'll be as brief ; take me to thy embrace ,
My dear *Foscaris* : thou know'st I lov'd thee

Vertuously and truly well : if I have done
Amis in any act unknown ; I'll bend
My knees for pardon.

Fosc. Alas ! I charge thee
With no crime ; but Marriage is such a mischief,
It makes Friends sometimes differ, they know not why ;
For which I thank my Countries dispensation :
Otherwise as a Mistress, I think no Lady
In our Court deserves before thee.

Clar. When e're you wed (as soon perhaps you may)
May you espouse one far more beautiful
And equal to my affection——so farewell—

Fosc. Adieu—adieu : I'll not kiss her at parting,
Lest I lick my self into Love again ;
And yet methinks I could almost be content :
'Tis a pretty black-ey'd rogue, and was so
Amorous and Airy.—Heaven forbid
I be not once more smitten, and so proceed
To a second Wooing ; but I hope I am arm'd---- [*Ex. Foscari.*]

Enter *Melvissa*.

Clar. This unkindness grieves me.

Melv. What ! sad *Clarina* ?

Clar. I had ne're more cause, Madam—my Husband.—

Melv. What of him ? I dream't that he courted thee
With more fire than ever ; and my dreams I
Can tell thee, hit unhappily sometimes.

Clar. He is most unkind ; a Husband of our cruel mode
Perfectly, who having gather'd but so late
My Virgin flower, has thrown me from his breast,
As if already faded——and yet I needs must say,
I love him still.

Melv. Thence came thy mischief ;
The very spring of all thy Tears : we Wives
Must use more dexterity in managing
Of Husbands here ; and that way, if possible,
Get some hand on their Affections : nor should

They

They bed with us ; but when we please,
 Or when our healths require it : the soft and gentle
 Not seldom most slighted : The truth is, Marriage
 Amongst us is a most dang'rous food of Love :
 And therefore we must use more wit for sawce,
 Our men will be else so cloy'd, and cast us off
 With no more concern, then we give a dish
 Of meat after having well fed on't, to our Waiters.

Clar. But I was so tender,
 In giving cause of separation——

Melv. 'Thad fixt him surer to thee ; nor is it hopeless,
 But the sense of thy Vertues and Beauty
 May work in him some thoughts of reconciliation :
 There have been (though rarely) such examples.

Clar. Might I but live to be so happy !----

Melv. Besides I have a means, if all fail
 To do thee service—— thou dar'st confide in me ?----

Clar. With all assurance.

Melv. You must be secret.

Clar. As a thought within your breast.

Melv. And mark me ; if thou find'st this work him up
 To love again——

Clar. I doubt the end will prove impossible.

Melv. That's as the means are order'd : Love will find out
 Ways sometimes as extraordinary ; which made
 A famous Poet write a Book of Lovers Arts,
 Not much inferiour to *Medea's* Charms :——
 And be sure when you see him next, let it
 Seem against thy will, as if thou'd'st stand
 If possible, at like distance from him ;
 As the sphere of fixed Stars : adding convenient
 Pride and scorn, no small artifice in our sex.

Clar. Your Copies somewhat hard
 To be practis'd by a Lover.

Melv. 'Tis but a just revenge in thy Case.

Clar. I shall observe your fair instructions.

Enter *Andrages*.

Melv. See, here's my man of *Venus*; an example
Of my skill and conduct—observe him well,
And thou shalt see, I have an humble servant
Instead of Lord and Master---- is't not so, *Andrages*?

Andra. Your will's a Law, Madam.

Melv. In spite of our Nations custom, is it not?

Andra. The same, Madam.

Clar. This is a language, I have
Not heard before from a *Scythian* Husband.

Melv. And yet, I'll say thus much, for this thing
Of my embrace: he dares vye with the best
Of our Gallants; and cope with *Mars* himself
If met in field; nor less would be concern'd
For every frown of mine, with any he
That durst despise e'm: Am I not right, *Andrages*?

Andra. My life's at your command.

Clar. You have a power
I see indeed, and doubt not but you'll use it nobly.

Melv. We must rule thus, or we are lost here:
What's a *Venus* that cannot lead her *Mars*
In triumph?—*Andrages*, perhaps I'll sleep
With thee to night for this——

Andra. You'll be most welcom Madam.

Clar. This day some considerable of our Sex
Join in a Petition to our Queen and
New made King.

Melv. 'Tis to abrogate their abuse,
In the arbitrary rule of men.

Clar. I hope 'twill prove a seasonable request,
Since now the Queen has made her self a party;
In taking of a Princely Husband.

Melv. Thou hast eloquence, and shalt be one of
Our fair Speakers in this Cause.

Clar. You complement me Madam,
Though I am oblig'd to serve the interest.

Melv.

Melv. We must appear with the fair number
Who expect us to confer—*Andrages*----

Wait my coming home about the hour of nine. [*Ex. Melv. and*

Andra. With all observance, Madam—

Clayna.

Was ever Gentleman and Souldier thus hen-peck'd
As I am? nay, against the priviledge of mankind
Here, endure it? that can discharge a Wife
With a breath: sure there's some extraordinary
Magick in't; and I find by my inclinations,
I am so unfortunate to love her at that rate,
As I cannot rid my self of her, though I
Suffer to death, or what's worse, the miseries
Of a vexatious wedlock.

Enter Foscaris.

Fosc. What *Andrages*? heavy and drooping!

Andr. Somewhat out of Tune.

Fosc. Nay, then 'tis odds, but thou
Art smitten, or at least ruminating
On some new beauty.

Andr. Would that were the worst.

Fosc. The very best of our Banes, that have prov'd
Wedlock---- Come I'll sing thee a catch I have
Made on this subject.

He Sings.

*What though her Eyes are black,
And kisses with a knack,
Natures best skill e're created?
In time she may prove
A surfeit to Love;
And so deserve to be hated.*

2.

*Love freed from this diet
Is best kept at quiet,*

*The wanton still longs for to range ;
 Let's thank then our Laws
 In Wedlocks frail canse,
 Gave Husbands a License to change.*

Andr. This is all discord to my malady.

Fosc. I took thee to have been longing after
 New flesh and blood, or rather sick of thy wife,
 Is not that it ?

Andr. Thou dost not mock me ?

Fosc. No, o' my life !

Andr. Why then I'll tell thee,
 I love her a thousand times better, then
 When I long'd for her first enjoyment.

Fosc. Is that possible in a man of thy Genius ?

Andr. Let me be punished else.

Fosc. Alas ! poor Souldier of *Cupid* :
 I have parted with a Wife fair enough
 To have figur'd *Venus* by, and for that only cause,
 Because a Wife : I'd fain see the power of Man,
 Or Angel, bring me again to the like dotage.

Andr. Nay more, should she scratch me once a day,
 Or use me with that *Amazonian* confidence
 Practis'd in our neighbouring *Scythia*, where
 Her Sex has the supremacy, and are
 So many the Tyrants : I think I should
 Endure it, and love her : If this be not Magick,
 There's none betwixt us and the North Pole.

Fosc. Visit her bed often ; and if that does not do it,
 There's no surfeit in Wedlock.

Andr. Alas ! I have not leave to come there, but rarely,
 And on such terms of good behaviour,
 That I am almost in an Ague the while.

Fosc. The very name of Humourist, methinks
 Should bid thee quit her, there's scarce a worse evil.
 Or if she be modish, and a wit, 'tis odds,
 But she makes it her luxury to abuse thee,
 And bite thee at every turn of thy tongue.

If not, make any thing thy quarrel, to bid
Adieu to her, thou'lt else shame thy Countries priviledge.

Andr. But I am such a Dotard----

Fosc. And yet i'th' Camp
And Court, well knowing, as most of our
Time; I pity thee—

Enter *Bassanes*, *Alvanes*, *Toxaris*, *Eumenes*, and *Draxanes*.

Andr. See the General *Bassanes*.

Fosc. A Prince of high renown and vertue;
Now return'd from ending our *Tartarian* War:
We'll pay him our respects at time of fitter
Opportunity—

[*Ex. Foscaris* and *Andrages*.]

Alv. The Queen by us, my Lord,
That have the honour to fore-speak her joys,
Congratulates your Excellencies return.

Bass. She is a gracious Lady; and though but late
Made my Intelligence, has taken
The *Persian* Prince, *Tysamnes*, for her Husband.

Alv. A Prince that Court does loudly fame, surpassing
All the race of the *Arsacides*, whence he derives
His blood.

Bass. Her vertue is a mate for his;
Let it be great as e're did live upon the name
Of mortal; but I that have a Souldiers plainness
A little wonder, although her King I hold
Of highest merit: since there is no act precedes
To exempt her Royal Person, from that fate
Of Marriage, the force of custom here
May even inflict upon the greatest.

Tox. It seem'd below her Soul and Love, to make
That caution, some wise amongst us wish.

Bass. *Tysamnes*! marry'd to the Queen! if I
Forget not I had Advertisement upon his first
Arrival at her Court, and from a *Persian* hand
Of trust, that he there lov'd a Lady; nay more,
Was thought to have assur'd himself to her.

[*Aside*.]

Eum. The General's a little discompos'd.

Drax. Perhaps some discontent relating to the

Queens marriage.

Bass. If this prove true, Heaven too soon may frown
On all these joys—— what are these Ladies?

*Enter Melvissa, Clarina, and four other Ladies, each with a
Paper in her hands.*

Tox. They are come to wait upon the King and Queen,
This day of State, on some concern of their Sex.

Bass. Tis well.

Enter Araxis.

Arax. The King and Queen are ready to come forth.

Alv. We must attend--- your Lordships pardon.

Bass. I have some orders to dispatch unto
The Camp, and then I'll wait their Majesties——

[*Exit Bassanes, &c. Tox. Alv. Arax. another way, manent*

Mel. Clar. and four Ladies.

Melv. It behoves us now Ladies, to weigh the force,
And effect of those Arguments we have prepar'd
To assail so formidable an enemy, as Men and Husbands, fortify'd
With that so invincible Champion, Custom;
I hope you are all well provided?

1 *Lady.* Doubt it not Madam, women seldom want wit
To serve their desires and occasions.

Melv. Well said pretty one, young and forward,
And for Illustrations and Metaphors, of
This hainous usage and tyranny of our Matrimonial
Lords and Masters, such were to be wish'd,
Are most pathetical and perswasive.——

1 *Lady.* I have taken mine, Madam, from
The example of *Socrates*, that most grave
Philosopher, who not only endur'd the ill
Humour, but the supremacy of his Wife,
As worthy of imitation.

Melv. A famous president!

2 *Lady.* And I mine, Ladies, from that most dreadful
Story of *Andromeda*, chain'd to a Rock;

Which I hope I have apply'd with no small
Flame 'gainst Husbands and their prerogatives.

3 *Lady*. Mine is from that of *Ariadne*, shewing
The ingratitude of *Theseus*, with application
To some such hideous presidents amongst us.

4 *Lady*. I have drest up mine out of Story, and the
Grand Romance of our Times; from whence I have
Drawn some noble examples of Love and Constancy.

Clar. You are bold with the Poets and Romances Ladies.

Melv. That's a pardonable fault, as the rate of wit
Goes now; while some Poets have arriv'd to a
Convenient reputation, yet play'd the Thieves,
From Poems, Histories, and Romances;
And ne'r durst trust themselves for a happy fiction----
Clarina, I am sure you are well provided.

Clar. I have an Argument at home, enough I hope
To plead for all.

Melv. Who has our petition?

Clar. I have it Madam.

Melv. 'Tis in a proper hand—— the Queen.

[Enter *Parisatis* the Queen led by *Tysamnes*, *Andrages* and *Foscari*,
Alv. Tox. Arax. Attendants and Guards: being sate *Clarina*
delivers the Petition.]

Tysam. We understand your fair desires,
But you must in this case determine
Dearest.

Par. With your permission---- where is your Speaker
Ladies? a little fuller to explain your sense?

Omn. All, all, all, speak.

Fosc. How they muster tongues?

Andr. Bating this presence, if they did not join
Nails and scratch some of our foretops,
I'd hang for't.

Par. You can't be heard together, nor each in
Several, 'twere tedious---- name one your Speaker.

Omn. *Clarina*, *Clarina*, *Clarina*!

Melv. She shall perform.

Clar. Since you impose it-----

Then

Then thus Illustrious King and Queen ; 'tis hop'd
 This day will prove a Mercy to the name
 Of Women here, that suffers by a too
 Injurious custom, now represented to your
 Royal hands for our just redress,
 And wants not many thousand hearts t' attest it.

Par. Where had you leave to form this
 Strange request ? does not the Law stand unrevok'd ?

Clar. But hop'd, that you our gracious Queen, would have
 Been Intercessor, for its Abrogation :
 That with your Love and Crown have given
 Such obligation to a husband, who must
 For your sake yield to make it ineffectual.

Tox. Our Women press it home.

Fosc. Have at us Husbands ;
 They'r on a ticklish point.

Par. Is this all Ladies ?

Clar. And but obtain'd, you'l difference the name
 Of wife from worst of slaves: restore the most
 Neglected, to the rights of Love, and live
 The blessing of your Sex ; nor shall we want
 Expressions of our gratitude ; our Gems
 Shall be our offerings to increase your Treasure,
 Which useless now, adorn our Beams,
 That every froward Husbands power (to cast us
 From his just embrace) must mourn.

Par. I'll hear no more ; yet pity those
 Whose Merits are regardless treated ;
 Advising each to win the man they have lost
 By virtue and forgiveness : if the fault be his ;
 And were I to be given again unto
 This Prince, or doubted of my happiness in him ;
 I'de judge it sin to ask a Caution :
 And I dare be to all security,
 That our example will without a cancel
 Place a blush upon this Law, and no man hence
 Neglect a Wife deserving, when they shall
 Behold our mutual Loves their president ;

Is it not so, my dear *Tysamnes*?

Tysam. Thou art above my wishes excellent.

Arax. The Queen expresseth her self most nobly.

Tox. If not too confiding in her choice.

Clar. We must submit.

1 *Lady.* Since there's no remedy.

Melv. I'll serve thee yet *Clarina*! it shall go hard else.

Enter *Bassanes*, *Eumenes*, and *Draxanes*.

Par. Welcom, as I can express *Bassanes*——
Thy Victories were early here on Rumors wing,
Which made the grim-look'd *Tartars* beg a peace
From us: and next my joys of love, completed here, / [To *Tys.*
I must rejoyce thy safe return, thou pillar
Of thy Country, and glory of my Crown,
To call thee both my Subject, and Alliance.

Bass. My duty is best paid in the performance
Of your services, which I shall ever study.

Tysam. Let me embrace thee worthy man;
The title which I have to thy brave merit,
In my enjoyment of this beauteous Queen,
Obliges me to hold thy vertues dear
That bring'st me Triumph home, before I scarce
Have warm'd this Throne.

Arax. Our new King does caress him highly.

Tox. His interest is great.

Par. I understand

You saw *Mandani's* Court, our neighbour
Queen, on your return?

Bass. I did Madam.

Par. There Women govern all.

Bass. To wonder, Madam——
Make War, lead Armies, with all transactions
Of the highest Magnitude in State,
To whom the men are held subordinate.

Par. Their Queen's a Lady, Fame reports Wise,
Magnanimous, and no less Beautiful.

Bass. I think all these may well be said to meet
In her.

Par. But the manner of her rule seems strange
To me.

Bass. If compar'd with ours here; but they
Lay claim to that prerogative, from the
Antient *Amazons* whence they derive descent.

Par. 'Twas said *Mundana* did intend an Embassy
Unto our Court in some short time.

Bass. She gave me so to understand.

Tysam. A beauteous one no doubt.

Bass. They are Women, Sir.

Tysam. We'll treat 'm then as fairly.

Par. But credit me, I should not like my reign
So well, were my Sex here alike in power;
Since nature and the worlds best Laws
Have dignify'd the man superiour.

Tysam. Spoke like my *Parisatis*—— methinks we
Are not chearful; I have joys enough to raise
A man above the world, had he made forfeit
Of his bliss—— You told me of a masque,
My Soul does want a little clearing up——

[*Aside.*

Par. I did appoint one.

Tysam. By any means we'll have it.

——*Musick plays a while, after which the Masque begins; the
Scene a Grove, in which Diana is beheld sleeping, having at
one of the sides next the Stage a Rock, from which----*

Enters Arethusa habited like a Water-Nymph.

Areth. *Eccho!* if thou dost visit this fair Grove,
Where thou hast often mourn'd *Narcissus* love;
At *Arethusa's* call appear. *Eccho.* Appear.

Areth. Once more 'tis *Arethusa* calls thee here.

Eccho within. Here!

Areth. That's but thy voice, thy person I would see,
Once known a Nymph of highest dignity.

Enter

Enter Eccho as out of t' other side of the Grove.

Eccho. Behold bright *Arethusa* I resume
My long lost Figure, since Heavens fatal doom
Depriv'd me of my dear *Narcissus* flames.

Areth. I bear as great a grief confin'd to streams,
Could never yet with lov'd *Alpheus* join ;
Think if thy loss can greater be then mine ?

Eccho. Fair Nymph, with yours I'll not compare my woe,
Since with thy tears thy chrystal fountains flow ;
And by a wondrous constancy do glide
Through veins of earth unmixt with other tide,
Which *Thetis* for thy glory did decree,
And great *Diana* Honours Constancy.

Areth. I wait to see her bathe in my cool floods,
Having a long chase follow'd in these Woods.

Eccho. She in this Grove with her fair Nymphs does sleep,
While with my wakeful voice her watch I keep ;
Lest Mortals here (*Aëon* like) should pry,
And ravish blushes from her Deity.----
Behold she wakes.

[*she wakes.*

The Song in the Masque.

1 Nym. *See, see, our Goddess wakes,
Whilst we harmonious notes prepare,
Such as bright Phoebus makes,
When to salute Aurora's car,
The Musick of his sphere he takes.*

2 Nym. *Or as before her Curtains drawn
We welcom in the grey-ey'd dawn,
When for the Chase
Diana bends her matchless bow,
And gives her self the first hollow.*

1 Nym. *Then through Plains, Lawns, and Woods
Over Mountains and Floods
Nymphs trip it, Nymphs trip it apace.*

2 Nym.

2 Nym. *Whilst the Hart, Deer, or Roe
They swiftly pursue,
Their Goddess best pleaseth to chase.*

1 Nym. *See she appears
More bright then Hesperus does rise,
Whose beams Stars borrow for their eyes.*

Diana rises and enters with her Nymphs.

Dian. Belov'd of Nymphs whose chaste and constant stream,
Shall give thy Love an everlasting name;
More dear to me then *Zanthus* floods so bright,
Or my own *Cynthia's* beams that guild the night;
Art thou to tread a *Chorus* come with me,
As once a Nymph of my society?

Areth. Bless'd Goddess know from *Thetis* I am sent
To wait thee first with her great Complement;
Who, if not too much *Neptunes* Billows rave,
Will soon pass hither in a Chrystal wave.

Dian. She shall be welcom. But first Nymph on thee
Diana, (to renown thy constancy)
Does from her hand this pretious gift bestow,
Sprung from the tree, whence grew her sacred bow;
On which with finest silk my Nymphs have wove,
The wondrous story of thy streams and love. [*Puts on a Chaplet.*]

Areth. This grace lov'd Goddess, I must ever own,
While *Arethusa* by that name is known;
But if I may thy Deity intreat,
I'd gladly yet with my *Alpheus* meet.

Dian. Thrice beauteous Nymph, thou su'st I fear in vain,
But for thy merit if I can obtain,
Or *Cynthia's* aid can help, she shall convey
His gentle current where thy stream has way.

Enter Thetis attended with several Sea-Nymphs.

Omnes. For which let's all *Diana's* praises sing.

Dian. Stay Nymphs, here comes the Queen to Seas great King.

Thet. Chast Goddess, I am come to let thee know,
What to thy Graces, *Neptunes* Queen does owe ;
And for this Nymph the honour of all floods,
As these with thee make sacred groves and woods.
For which to speak my thanks I'd gladly tread
The stately Chorus, thy bright self does lead.

Dian. Great *Thetis* know, no footsteps ever joyn'd
With me a Chorus, but bear souls refin'd ;
For which I have deny'd some gods of late,
Said to have fell from their celestial state.

Thet. I once gave ear unto such tales like thee,
But prov'd it soon my vain credulity ;
Nor on my waves did then rough *Boreas* blow,
But I my Nymphs hid in deep Cells below.
Since fame had told his strong arms did embrace
The fair *Orithia* snatch't o're Seas to *Thrace*.

Dian. Nor was it *Thetis* truth, *Achilles* came
From great *Peleus*, and thy own soft flame.

Thet. Such stories may relate as much of thee,
Which tell the Moons sublime Divinity ;
Though thy chaste brows her Heavenly figure wear,
Did for *Endymions* love forsake her spear :
While such like Tales the guilty Poets sing,
To feign their *Hero's* from the Gods did spring.

Dian. Queen of the Seas my censure was too free,
Twere sin to doubt truth in a Deity :
Nor will I think that Goddess e're did burn,
In such frail humane flames my chaste thoughts mourn :
But now behold with me this mortal Throne,
Merits from our immortal powers renown.

Thet. I do embrace the motion, since here's seen
A Throne as bright as each of us fate Queen ;
May Love there find, serenest calms their days,
Such as my *Halcyons* chuse that breed on Seas.

Areth. Or as my streams no mingl'd currents own,
So let their Loves be undivided known.

Eccho. May *Cupid* else for ever loose his Bow.

Omn. And for Loves Goddeſs none his Mother know.

Thet. To honour whom, thy beſt known Chorus lead,
And with the Oceans race like ſteps I'll tread.

Dan. Then Nymphs expreſs with mine your meaſures powers,
As when we dance on tender graſs and flowers:
Leaving no ſigns our nimble footſteps ſhow,
Or as on Mountains tops, we tread on ſnow. [They Dance.

Enter *Cupid*.

Thet. *Cupid*, art thou come hither? *Cup.* I flew this way
To meet my Mother, is ſhe amongſt ye pray?

Dian. Away, thou amorous toy, dar'ſt thou be here,
Where I to honour conſtant Love appear?

Cup. I have a ſhaft here left within a Heart
I'd fain withdraw. *Dian.* No more vile Boy, depart,
Thy Mothers Arts and thine, I too well know.

Cup. Then ſee I flye with an unbended Bow.— [Ex. *Cupid*.

Dian. *Thetis* farewell! I'll to my Woods reſort.

Thet. But e're I hence return to *Neptunes* Court,
Let's yet more honour *Arethuſa's* name.

Dian. This night I bathe my ſelf in her clear ſtream.

Thet. Where I'll attend thee with my watry race,
And Nymphs, whoſe Songs ſhall there thy Chorus grace.

Areth. For which my fountains cleareſt ſprings ſhall flow.

Eccho. And my beſt *Eccho's* voice pay duty too.

Dian. Till when farewell Seas Queen. *Thet.* Goddeſs adieu.
[Exeunt *Muſiques*.

Tyſam. It ſeems a Moral.

Par. And meant of conſtancy,
I gave the Argument my ſelf.

Tyſam. Moſt fit
To entertain thy Vertue.
What ſight is that?

Enter *Statyra*.

Tox. The King ſeems troubl'd.

D 2

Baſſ.

Bass. My heart misgives me this is she.

Par. How does my Love?

Tysam. Your leave a while——

Can't thou forgive me fair *Statyra*?— [*Goes aside, to Statyra.*]

Stat. And with you happy in your royal choice,

She is a Princess far above my merit :

Enough that I have seen your face and dye.

Tysam. Thou had'st my promise first, Heaven is my witness,

And give me but thy leave to expiate

My crime, in due expression of my penitence,

By some act unthought of; if possible,

To win thy Loves forgiveness.

Stat. 'Tis needless——

Your leave that I return, I'll not ask

So much as a farewell kiss——

Tysam. I must oblige a while thy stay: *Bassanes*,

Wait this Lady to my Garden lodgings

With all observance——

Bass. I shall Sir——

[*Ex. Bassanes and Statyra.*]

Tysam. The ambition to possess a Crown has had too much

The better of my Conscience—— Come *Parisatis*. [*Goes to Paris*]

Par. Your looks seem troubl'd.

Tysam. A trivial thought I'm moving from my heart.

Par. From mine, I'm sure, your love shall never part.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Eumenes* and *Draxanes*.

Euмен. IT seems the Ladies had but small success
In their Petition.

Drax. And yet they urg'd things
Home and unhappily.

Euмен. Women ne're want zeal, seldom wit
To perfect their desires; but men have here
So long had the Lee-ward point of love, as
They must be content with the Weather Gage;
Which casts not a few on the rocks of Wedlock.

Drax. For my part I could wish, that Nature had
Taken some other way for the procreation
Of mankind; since both Sexes have so much ado
To agree of the means—— But we are Souldiers.

Euмен. And therefore have the less reason to blame
Our Countries freedom, since 'tis odds, but we
Take as much, if we make a true Muster
Of our Mistresses.

Drax. But the Queens opposing
This desire seem'd to many unexpected.

Euмен. 'Twas to oblige the King no doubt; and by
The prerogative of her vertues, live
Above the Law, or whatsoe're could give a fate.
To her enjoyment.

Drax. He's now more absolute
Then e're was Sovereign that reign'd
But in the right of Queen. His Creatures
Dignify'd in Court and Camp; that almost
'Tis within his Will to rule alone, should
He be guilty of that vile ambition.

Euмен. She has exprest in every act a kindness

Most

Most unparallel'd.

Drax. I with their Loves a peaceful happiness.

Eum. 'Twas hop'd she might have respected our
General *Bassanes* in her choice, a Prince
Of *Scythia's* Royal blood, and favour'd
In this Nation with an interest equal
To his birth.

Drax. But he it seems, as much in love
With *Mars*, or paying duties to her service
In the field, ne're rais'd his thoughts and merit
To that fair ambition.

Eum. We are his Creatures,
And have serv'd his dangers.

Enter *Toxaris*, *Alvanes*, and *Araxis*.

Tox. Save ye Gentlemen;
Your general thanks to his vertues, has given
Our Crown at once both peace, and victory.

Drax. His conduct did deserve no less.

Alv. Had his return been sooner, perhaps 'thad
Given some stay to the Queens Marriage—
But that's between our selves.

Eum. The news surpriz'd him,
We must witness; as one was scarce consulted
In that action.

Alv. She was a little hasty in her choice.

Arax. Though in her King, she seems to summe such joys
As if she'd vye with Angels, as she shines,
Espous'd on earth to his affection.

Tox. Nor does the face o'th Court, sometimes the glas
Of Princes, discover ought save joys, and smiles,
A sign to us Courtiers, the Throne's no less serene.

Eum. But in the midst of these methought the King
Appear'd disturb'd at the presence of a
Stranger Lady.

Arax. But that soon vanish'd.

Eum. Time will discover more.

Alv.

Alv. This day, *Mandana's* Embassy is expected; 'tis said, they are Women.

Arax. Perhaps to complement our Queens Marriage;
Or make some league betwixt their *Amazonian*
State and us.

Eum. But say they should provoke us
To a War; we must bring strange arms into
The Field to have the better of this Generation,
That dare fight with men.

Drax. I could methinks ee'n with a War,
To see how these the Militants would
Behave themselves; a home-charge with such Troops,
Were winning of a field indeed Gentlemen.

Enter *Bassanes* and *Statyra*.

Eum. Here comes the General and that Lady I spake of.

Arax. She's wondrous fair.

Alv. May her beams give no dazle
To our Kings affection; methought she mov'd
Him strangely.

Tox. Our way lies this way to the Court---[*Ex. Tax. Alv. Arax.*

Drax. And our's here—— [*Ex. Drax. and Eumen.*

Bass. Madam, you highly honour me
In this discovery, from which I find
Your name and birth illustrious, as *Persia* knows.

Stat. The acquaintance, Sir, I was oblig'd to make you,
Since here my stay upon the Kings command,
Might else have stain'd the honour of my blood
With such a character as curious eyes in Courts
Are but too apt to give the least of favours
That a Prince vouchsafes a Lady.

Bass. You are wise
And noble: and give me your fair leave
To ask a question, my intelligence
Assur'd me most undoubted.

Stat. If it be truth
My Soul dares not deny it.

Bass.

Bass. Then thus most noble Lady;
Did not the King once love you?

Stat. I did not think
Heaven had reveal'd what I had thought a secret---
To his heart and mine—suppose he did, and yet
I blush to charge him with a guilty truth.

[*Aside.*

Bass. It was my apprehension—

Stat. And since 'tis made your knowledge, I must further say
My wrongs are fit to be convey'd as far
As the world has bounds, or fame can stretch
Her wings to bear e'm.

Bass. I fear too sadly—

[*Aside.*

But should you own this claim to his affection now.

Stat. My love's a truth too dear to smother, nor
Did I come, but arm'd with resolutions
Worthy of my Soul. And 'tis my highest service
To his Queen (whose vertues I much honour)
If I reveal to her my claim, and thence
Mark out her dangers in this man of falshood
She enjoys.

Bass. I know you would not charge
Him with this crime, on purpose to create
Repentance; or if you did, who knows
What were your dangers (I speak it not to
Fright you Madam) that here must look like some
Prodigious Star on a great King, made now
So fully happy in the bed and glories of a Queen—
Which how he will resent—

Stat. Let it be death, 'tis welcom from him.

Bass. Heaven avert it, Madam; yet 'tis not safe
To tempt a passion past recall, though I
Want not a pity to your virtue.

Stat. I thank your goodness.

Bass. Or say you could attract his past affection;
And in each beam of yours, more deeply wound
His heart then ever (as you have all things
Summ'd at Natures dearest cost, that can
Enrich a Beauty) were it not glory

To recede from such a Conquest.

Stat. Your Counsel's noble I confess.

Bass. Besides we have a custom here that does
Impower each common man to loose the very
Gordian knot of love in marriage,
That other Countries hold inviolate:
What may then a King do to enjoy
So bright a Mistress as your self?

Stat. I find the World in this degenerate
Faithless age of man has yet one Worthy left :
Know then, most noble Prince, your Counsel does
Conspire with the honour of *Statyra's* heart ;
And though I had a more superiour title
To the Kings affection then the Queen can claim
Though made his Consort ; yet I for her sake now
Forgive his breach of Faith ; nay more, if 'twere
Requir'd, would freely give my life, to see
Their Loves most happy.

[*Aside.*

Bass. Give me the honour
Of your hand, to pay my humble adoration
Of this vertue.

Stat. My stay shall not be longer here
Then taking leave, becomes me of the King.

Bass. 'Twill speak your worth.

Enter *Tyſamnes*.

The King——your pardon Madam----

[*Ex. Bassanes.*

Tyſam. *Statyra!* how doſt thou like thy welcom
In our Court?

Stat. As more then I intended to receive.

Tyſam. Thou can'ſt not ſoon be weary
Of theſe ſhades, and pleaſant walks, where
Nightingales will meet, and ſing
New raviſhments to entertain thy beauties:
More glad to welcom thy appearance, then
The morning joys, or evenings ſplendor that
Invites their reſt. I think thou might'ſt be well

Content to live here still.

Stat. My honour is no child
To be deluded with such toys, though gay
As Paradise when first it's sweetness bloom'd,
While but a thought of crime does ripen near me.

Tysam. Thou shalt be here as innocent as flowers
That yield their smiles unto the distant Sun.
You'll grant me sure, so much, *Statyra*?

Stat. I'd rather welcom death then yield to stay
A minute longer near your person.

Tysam. I know thou art not so unkind.

Stat. Alas I came without design of love,
Though once your lover.

Tysam. *Statyra*! hold, go not
Too far in goodness, lest Heaven (to surprise
My wonder) take thee hence, and place thee there
A Star, or make me fall I know not whither.

Stat. I have done Sir——nor shall my presence give you
More concern; or further accent repetition
Of your sin to Heaven and me; that in despite
Of all the darts of Love (so late my wound)
Can with this smiling ease and calm of soul
Bid you farewell for ever.--- [*She offers to go, the King stays her.*]

Tysam. You must not,
Shall not leave me thus——

Stat. You will not, Sir, detain me
Here by force?——what will your Court then whisper,
Or the bolder world convey to both our infamies?

Enter *Parisatis*.

I hope I have made enough expression
Of my affection——

Par. What do I hear?

Tysam. 'Tis but to give thee more assurance
Of my love, for which I dare adventure
Life and Crown.

Par. That word! oh my heart!——

[*Aside.*]

Stat.

Stat. Then know who 'tis you stay—
And thus dare frown upon your will.

Tysam. How's this?

Stat. And what I thought this breast should have conceal'd,
I'll utter with a boldness does become my honour---
And when you know it, you'll perhaps, as soon
Cherish a Tygres near your bosom---
Know Sir--- I came with full intent to kill you---
Mark me well : to kill you--- for your faithless promise ;
But that the virtues of your Queen with-held me,
In whom I wish you ever blest'd : the whiteness
Of whose Soul, I thought it fit to cloud
(From act of mine) with sorrow.

Par. Forgive me Heaven ;
This Woman is some Angel sure ; I can
No longer hold but pay my reverence. [*Par. goes towards Stat.*]

Tysam. We are interrupted--- my Guard there !---

Enter Captain of the Guard.

Convey that Lady from my sight, and see
Her safe confin'd within her lodgings.

Par. Let me beg for her freedom, though I do it
On my knees---

Tysam. I must not grant it ; she came
To ruine my content, perhaps in thee ;
A Treason too she has confest against my life.

Stat. Let me deserve your fair opinion, Madam,
Though I dye.

Tysam. Away with her--- how does my *Parisatis*?---

[*Ex. Statyra with the Captain of the Guard.*]

Par. Never better--- this dissipates my fear.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Bassanes.

Bass. Embassadors from
The Queen *Mandana* are arriv'd.

Tysam. See their reception want no state our Court

Content to live here still.

Stat. My honour is no child
To be deluded with such toys, though gay
As Paradise when first it's sweetness bloom'd,
While but a thought of crime does ripen near me.

Tysam. Thou shalt be here as innocent as flowers
That yield their smiles unto the distant Sun.

You'll grant me sure, so much, *Statyra*?

Stat. I'd rather welcom death then yield to stay
A minute longer near your person.

Tysam. I know thou art not so unkind.

Stat. Alas I came without design of love,
Though once your lover.

Tysam. *Statyra*! hold, go not
Too far in goodness, lest Heaven (to surprise
My wonder) take thee hence, and place thee there
A Star, or make me fall I know not whither.

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More concern;—or further accent repetition
Of your sin to Heaven and me; that in despite
Of all the darts of Love (so late my wound)
Can with this smiling ease and calm of soul
Bid you farewell for ever.— [*She offers to go, the King stays her.*]

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Shall not leave me thus——

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Here by force?—what will your Court then whisper,
Or the bolder world convey to both our infamies?—

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Of my affection——

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Stat. Then know who 'tis you stay—
And thus dare frown upon your will.

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Of whose Soul, I thought it sin to cloud
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Stat. Let me deserve your fair opinion, Madam,
Though I dye.

Tysam. Away with her---- how does my *Parisatis*?---

[*Ex. Statyra with the Captain of the Guard.*]

Par. Never better--- this dissipates my fear. [*Aside.*]

Enter Bassanes.

Bass. Embassadors from
The Queen *Mandana* are arriv'd.

Tysam. See their reception want no state our Court

Cangive; they shall have Audience speedily.
Some thoughts require me to my Closet first.

[*Ex. Tysannes.*]

Par. *Bassanes*, never so happy, as this minute
In which I prov'd the fix'd assurance of
My Kings affection. The *Persian* beauty
Who but so late gave apprehensions to
My love, is now no more my fear.

Bass. She is a noble Lady,
And gave me confirmation of her honour.

Par. 'Tis most unquestion'd.

Bass. She does intend suddenly
To return back to *Persia*.

Par. Alas! the King
(To my great grief) in much displeasure
Has restrain'd her.

Bass. I hope she'll soon have liberty.

Par. It shall not want my intercession.

Bass. Pray Heav'n this be no Artifice.

Par. True love is soon confirm'd; but in that Brest
Suspicion storms, it ne're can anchor'd rest.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Clarina and Melvissa.

Clar. Our Petition had but small success.

Melv. No matter, as to thy case; did not I
Promise to serve thee?

Clar. But where's the faith
Believes it possible?

Melv. If it be next a Miracle,
And do the feat, thou'lt welcom the effect?

Clar. However, my obligation's great to your endeavours.

Melv. What if a smile or look of thine, or a toy
As inconsiderate as the least lock of thy hair,
Produce his Loves return, as I apply it;
Hast thou not reason to thank the means?

Clar. 'Tis granted.

Melv. Therefore believe well; rememb'ring that
We are told, a dram of faith can do

Far

Far greater wonders.

Clar. You shall confirm me,
But I hope it is no Charm or Magick?
I am strangely fearful of the Devil.

Melv. Rather a means from Heaven ! my Mother
Left it as a Legacy to me.

Clar. A Recipe most Wives may wish for here.

Melv. I thought to have given it to the Queen,
But that perhaps 'twere death to own,
And this our custom unrevok'd.

Clar. I hope her virtues ne're will want affection.

Melv. As it effects, I'll tell thee more.

Enter Foscaris.

Here comes thy Husband, and I am prepar'd
For him to purpose——thou must withdraw
Till I give thee notice to appear.

[*Ex. Clarina.*

Fosc. Madam ! your most humble servant.

Melv. And I perhaps ten times more yours.

Fosc. This sounds briskly.

Melv. Not that I intend to instance,
You have parted with a deserving Lady,
And so press a reconciliation from
The doctrine and uses of Love, as some Matrons
Amongst us might perhaps ring in your ears
In the like case.

Fosc. Far be it from me to
Think it, Madam ; I know you are well bred,
And must therefore understand what better
Belongs to our Mode, and a Gentleman, then so.

Melv. Well said Gallant— but I hope you'll not teach
My Husband to follow your example ;
And like such a Buck as your self, break
Through the toyl and bonds of Marriage ;
Though some of you allow it no more, then
A State device to catch fools.

Fosc. This is a Witty Rogue ; a Wife that understand

The

The intrigues of a Mistress.

Melv. Then say, my husbands wife
Should think you a fine Gentleman——

Fosc. I understand you Madam.

Melv. And were willing to bestow some affection
On your worth.——

Fosc. Go on Lady, go on; you are
Coming to a point indeed.

Melv. There it is, you have it to a hair——

[*Gives him a Bracelet inclos'd in a Paper.*]

I hope you will keep Counsel——

Fosc. O Madam! 'twere sin to doubt it.

Melv. And wear it carefully, for the owners sake
I mean, and so farewell kind *Foscaris*;
If this fail, thou'rt proof above Mortal. [Aside.

Now to be near and act further as occasion serves. [Ex. *Melv.*

Fosc. What have I here? I'll open it carefully,
And first taste it by the smell; it scents
Most Lady-like, and amorous; methinks
It moves too, I know not how: Oh these Women
Are rare contrivers in these Scenes of Love——

Now for the enclos'd—— [Opens it.

Ha, ha, ha, a Bracelet of a lock of Hair,
In colour much resembling my Wives: but
Such a trick on me, were to little purpose,
I'll tangle no more there--- but now I think on't,
I have found the knack; as sure as I am made
Of flesh and blood, 'tis *Melvissa* courts me
For her self, for which purpose she handles
Andrages, her husband, at that rate.

'Tis a witty-gay female, as most within
Our Kingdom; and it seems the Rascal's
Willing to graft his fore-head, and be beholding
To his Friend for the Horn. In the mean time
I'll pleasure her desire, and wear her favour.
The Devil on't, it warms the vein that leads
To the Heart strangely; and 'tis love I feel
In abundance—— I must vent it somewhere,

[*Puts it on
his arm.*]

Or I shall burn to ashes ; 'tis most certain I am
 Charm'd to purpose, and 'tis odds but some evil spirit
 Waits at my elbow.

Melv. within. None but thy better Genius— [*speaks altering*

Fosc. Ha! a voice too, then there is a Devil in the— *of her voice.*
 Case 'tis manifest--- what art thou, and from whence?

Melv. I am a Spirit belonging to the element of fire.

Fosc. Thou hast some possession of me already then,
 Who am flame all over— what is thy business?

Melv. Love, kindest Love.

Fosc. The same is mine, and
 Since thou art a kind Familiar, I dare ask
 Thee a question— Art thou a Genius of Love at large
 According to our Gallantizing Mode? or art thou for
 A more peculiar Courtship?

Melv. I incite Honourable, and Matrimonial Love.

Fosc. A most Heroick Devil indeed ;
 But take a care how thou dost otherwise appear to me,
 Lest my sword make bold with one of thy limbs,
 And it prove afterwards to belong to some
 Sorcerer, or Witch.

Melv. You need not fear that.

Fosc. Prethee avoid me then, I would not willingly be haunted
 By a Matrimonial Genius of all other.

Melv. Your desire is granted---
 While only I'll thy heart incite
 To love thy fair deserted Wife,
 For whose sake, I am oblig'd thy sense to ply,
 Since on thy wrist thou didst a philter tye.
 And so farewell.

[*Ex. Melvissa.*

Fosc. Adieu, adieu! had ever man such a Dialogue
 As this?

[*He studies.*

Enter Clarina and Melvissa.

Melv. Be confident I have perform'd to purpose.

Clar. I warrant you.

Melv. Nay more to his greater

Terror,

Terror, I withdrew here, and counterfeited my self
A Spirit.

Clar. Most excellent!

Melv. And had —

Such pleasant discourse with him.

Clar. You have done above my expectation.

Melv. He comes on fiercely I warrant thee.

Fosc. And yet I do not find my hair stares, or
A cold sweat on me, enough to dissolve me to a gelly,
Like some stories I have heard of this kind.

Melv. See, he's here, observe a little — in the mean time
He withdraw.

[*Ex. Melv.*]

Fosc. Whilst I feel such a heat dispers'd through every vein
Of my body, no man, or longing virgin ever felt
The like in any burning wish, or actual enjoyment —
Well *Foscark*, thou hast got a tickling spirit in thee.

Clar. I perceive it takes.

Fosc. And yet methinks

It should not be in the power of Magick to make
Me affect my cast-off Wife; if it prove otherwise,
What a confounded Lover am I then — she's here. [*Observes her.*]

Clar. Now I'll approach him.

[*Walks towards him.*]

Fosc. As I am a man, 'tis she I long for,
The very element of fire is met

Within me, and my heart rises to my very lips
At her appearance.

[*Gazes on her.*]

Clar. The Physick works; now to handle this patient. [*Aside.*]

Fosc. Oh thou art bright indeed *Clarina*;

Ariadnes Crown of Stars is Copper

To thy Eyes, and in each look methinks thou
Stain'st the evenings glory.

Clar. Good kind Sir, keep off, 'tis towards bed-time.

Fosc. 'Tis thither I would go with thee Love, and twine
More happily then ever! Alas, I did but this

To love thee ten times better then before;

As men restrain themselves from food they like

To make the next meal better.

Clar. Keep your ground good Sir Amorous;

You

You and I must not come to the close embrace
So easily ; and lest you should be boyf't'rous,
I'll be gone.

Fosc. Stay but a twilights time longer——

Clar. 'Tis more then I can well afford you.

Enter *Andrages.*

Fosc. Nay prethee let me beg it though I kneel.

Clar. You deserve some penance ; I'll not intreat you
To be sparing.

[*Ex. Clarina.*

Andr. *Foscari's* kneeling ! and to his own Wife ?
The world sure turns round, or *Plato's* year
Is come about ; if this Diamond he late
Discarded should again be Trump ?——
What *Foscari's* ! penfive ?

Fosc. Oh I am undone !

Andr. What's the matter ?

Fosc. Nay, thou'lt laugh me into shame enough
When thou know'st it.

Andr. By no means.

Fosc. Why, I am wounded by *Cupid* the wrong way ?

Andr. As how ?

Fosc. I scarce know how to tell thee.

Andr. Nay prethee let me know.

Fosc. Understand then I am in love
With my own cast petticoat ; if that be not
A curse to a *Scythian* Husband, I'll
Challenge fate to do worse if possible.

Andr. Though I found thee on thy knees, I hope
Thou dost not pray over love again to thy Wife.

Fosc. But I do, and at such an intolerable rate,
That were every sense of mine a several soul,
She might command 'em all to express it.

Andr. Is't possible ?——

Fosc. And more, look well to thy self,
I fear thy Wife's an Inchantress.

Andr. Ha, ha, ha——

Fosc. If thou dost not see her flying steeple high,
And thy self atop on her shortly, I'll hang
As high for't.

Andr. But you thought there was no such thing
As Charm or Magick in Love, and that our
Scythian Wives would have still continued such
Tame things, as like bob'd Eyelesses, they might
Have been turn'd off; and took to hand at pleasure.

Fosc. I have prov'd the Experiment dearly:
Take care and mock not, lest thou art beheld
Converted to a Cat, and cry Mew
To keep her company.

Andr. Is this the man
That could defie *Cupid* and all his Arts?
Nay shoot your Darts contrary to his, at
A minutes warning—— was it not so?

Fosc. I thought I could, till more then mortal powers
Conspir'd against me.

Andr. And for a Wife, 'twas
Such a potion, must have no more to do
With your palate.

Fosc. The very name of her
Inflames me like fire.

Andr. A little more to cool you
And I have done; come I'll put you in mind,
Of a Julip of your own composition;
What though her Eyes are black,
And kisses with a knack, &c.

[Sings.]

Fosc. No more, no more, though I deserve to be
Bitten with a Satyr could sting worse then
Scorpions.

Andr. Well; I have done.

Fosc. Let's shake hands then,
And go thus postur'd to the Frantick Society here,
Amongst which I'll dye,
If e're there were two such Fanatick presidents
Of Husbands as our selves: Oh 'twould make such a
Novelty of distempers!

Andr.

Andr. And there endure a little of the twig,
Shall we?

Fosc. By any means;
Thou for observing thy Wife with such a
Fond affection, as I beyond dotage
Long for mine again.

Andr. Good *Foscaris*,
Enough of this extravagancy: In the mean time
I have so far the better of the malady,
That I have no fear of thy relapse,
And for a cure, let me advise one more gentle;
Let's drink some Wine, and give it spirit
In *Clarina's* health.

Fosc. Oh that I could taste her lips once more—
And mark me friend, 'tis odds as I am a Gentleman,
But in spite of all prevention I shall
Hang or drown my self for love, e're the next Moon.

Andr. Come I'll take care of thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter *Tysamnes*, *Parisatis*, *Bassanes*, *Clarina*, *Melvissa*,
Toxaris, *Alvanes*, and *Araxis*, &c.

Tysam. We understand *Bassanes*, that the Embassadresses
From the Queen *Mandana* are arriv'd.

Bass. They are, Sir.

Tysam. Attend them to our presence. [Ex. *Bassanes*.]
An Embassy few Courts have seen before,
Where Women bear their Princes Errands,
And rule supremely even our Sex.
What think you Ladies, were your case alike
With us?

Clar. For mine I should not wish it, Sir,
'Tweretoo injurious to the right of men.

Melv. You are a little of the kindest Lady—
For my part, Sir, were I born under the like
Favourable Aspect of *Venus*, 'tis odds but I
Should wear a Bow and Quiver, to maintain

The privilege--- you'll pardon, Sir, my freedom.

Tysam. A witty sprightly Lady— and yet I dare believe
There's none of all you Gentlemen, that has
A Wife predominant, who does not own
Submission to the custom here.—

Tax. This touches home.

Tysam. I am confirm'd, that were the case my comforts here,
(So dear unto my soul) she would not claim
Her self exempted.

Alv. That parenthesis was oddly plac'd.

[*Aside.*

Par. You know I am all obedience, Sir,
And hope you'll now receive such offers, from
This our neighbour-Queen, as will not give your thoughts
The least disturbance; nor would I have a War
Wherein my Sex should fight, were I made a party
In the cause, or injury.

Tysam. Thou art all Excellence.

Enter Bassanes with Renone, and Cydane the Embassadors.

Now Ladies, your Queens pleasure.

Renone. Who does by us, most Royal Sir, congratulate
Your great accession to this Throne, and more, your joys
In this your fair and vertuous Queen, who scarce
Has equal in her Sex : to which (if possible)
Her wishes do yet adde more happiness.

Tysam. This is but usual form of State : proceed.

Cyd. 'Tis what our Queen expects you'll welcom,
Who waves dispute of Territories,
The usual great concerns of Thrones;
And has but one demand instead of all,
To make your Greatness : whence may spring
A lasting league betwixt her mighty Crown
And yours.

Tysam. Speak it then!

Par. I hope 'twill find reception.

Cyd. Then know, our Mighty Mistress does demand
By us an Abrogation of that most

Rigid

Rigid usage here, from which the Husbands will
Is too much Lord of love.

Tysam. Sure, you mistake your Embassy?

Ren. Nor can she reign without a blush must stain
Her glories, should she not (if deny'd)
Compel by arms her Sexes fair relief.

Clar. Nobly urg'd.

Melv. Methinks I could fight in this Cause my self.

Arax. The King is mov'd.

[*Aside.*

Alv. Observe the Queen.

Tysam. Your Queen's too bold with us in this demand;
But she's a Woman.

Cyd. And soon you'll find, she'll slight
All dangers in this Cause: nor is the world
Unknowing, that her arms (though guided
By the conduct of our Sex) has oft gave
Wars rough Laws to men.

Par. Let me then intercede, my Royal Husband,
I would not have a quarrel in this Cause,
(Although I doubt not from your love security)
The world I know would say you but defend
A most unkind prerogative; and since 'tis thus,
Bestow it as a bounty on the Sex for my sake.

Tysam. Can this proceed from *Parisatis*?

Par. As truly as I wish your peace and love.

Tysam. Thou dost mistake in both—

Par. Besides, what honour wer't in such a Cause
To be a Conquerour? or on your Warlike Trophee to
Inscribe, you did subdue the force of Women,
Led by a neighbour Queen, whose bravery
Of soul, deserves esteem and wonder—
I know you'll condescend.

Tysam. Away, thou dost abuse thy Love and me.

Par. Is't possible?

Tysam. Or else endeavour't by compliance with
This Embassy, to betray the honour of
This Crown, and People; take which you like—
And know thou hast forfeited thy Being

In my soul.

Par. Heaven defend.

Tysam. And tell your Queen I'll reign [*To the Embassadors.*
A King of men in spite of all her power
Of Spinsters: whose honour by this grant would be
The mock of Women. Nor do I doubt their hearts
And swords will join with mine to assert this
Nations right.

Tox. The King is much incens'd.

[*Aside.*

Alv. I hope 'twill not reflect upon the Queen.

Tysam. And by my Act, to assure the world how much
I'll own my Subjects privilege, behold my Queen.

Cyd. A Lady full of Grace and Vertue—

Par. Oh my fears!

Tysam. Who with no more concern I'll cast away,
Then *Indians* do a Pearl, that ne're did know
It's value; and from this hour no more my Wife.

Par. Must it be so?

Bass. Consider Sir, this Act
May prove a rash one—

Tysam. My resolution's fixt---- nor do I fear
What Law can act, though hence I reign not jointly
With this Queen, while by the power I possess,
I can create a right above it.

Par. Nor shall I plead a word
Against your Will, though it severely fall
Upon my Love; or mention what should be
Your gratitude to me, that gave you both
My self and Crown, and yet will give my life,
If your concern require it—
You'll give me time convenient to withdraw.

Tysam. Thou shalt to any place retire within
My Crowns Dominion, where thou shalt live
In state and greatness of a Queen—
And so farewell.

Par. Adieu, my dearest.

Alv. This action of the King was unexpected.

[*Aside.*

Arax. Such as must breed some strange distemper here.

Tox.

Tox. I wish our Almanacks were all burnt else.

Tysam. To morrow you shall have our Letters to your Queen.

Renone. And as becomes her she'll resent this Act.

Tysam. Bassanes——

[*Ex. Tysamnes and Bassanes.*

Cydan. Madam, you have our pity.

[*Ex. Embassadresses.*

Clar. The Queen deserves a sorrow

From all Hearts.

Melv. She has deeply mine.

Par. Though life has many ways to lose it's comforts,
Few hinder the distressed means of death:

And let my sad example teach my Sex,

That when they love embarque with men, 'tis like

A vessel, that with gilded streamers sails

On dangerous Seas, and in each calm must think

This smooth-fac'd Ocean may their Barques soon sink.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Parisatis in a Mourning Vail led by Bassanes.

Bass. I Want no sense of your afflictions, Madam.

Par. 'Tis like your worth.

Bass. And dare express it more

Then entertaining of your griefs by naked Accents,

That were too low and common for *Bassanes* heart;

Each vulgar ear that hears from rumours breath,

Will do as much, and glory in the hope

Of making stubborn Heaven bend to hear

Your sufferings.

Par. You are a Prince ally'd unto my Crown,

Nor can I doubt, but every vein of yours

Has many streams of honour——

Bass. Know, Madam,

Since

Since you are pleas'd to call me worthy of
Your great Alliance ; I want no heart to tell
The King, your Husband (though sitting on the Throne)
His ingratitude.

Par. I wish I had been truly charg'd with any crime
That might have given his Act in my desertion,
Some vizard to out-face the world : I dare believe
The Law that first here gave this liberty to man,
Did tacitely imply the Husband should
Not be a lawless Tyrant to the Wife.

Bass. The injustice is too palpable ; and
Fitter 'twere this Law had no more being,
Or the Sex of women against Natures
Made supreme, then thus to be imbitter'd
'Gainst your virtue,
Though smooch'd and guiled over with pretexts,
He calls State Policy, and Marriage Interest,
But simply Artifice to bring another
To his Throne and Bed.

Par. I fear 'tis too much a truth.

Bass. *Statyra* is no doubt design'd to shine
In this Meridian, by your fair remove :
But think not, Madam, that your Eclipse of
Glory can pass without your Subjects due
Remorse, and vindication : he is a King here
But as you made him so, in giving him
Your self a Queen ; and from your love has only
Title to your Subjects hearts.

Par. And had the world
Been mine in Kingdoms, with as many Hearts,
My affection had dispos'd 'em all to him.

Bass. You have given proof above parallel.

Par. But this ingratitude does combat with my soul !

Bass. Permit, I serve your Royal Vertue.

Par. I know thou dar'st revenge my wrong, and hast
An interest in thy blood and merits, that
Can guide this Nations Arms, and raise a stream
Of vulgar force, enough to sink *Tysannes*

Even to the depth of ruine, though fortify'd with
All the power he now enjoys.

Bass. I will imploy my utmost in your service.

Par. I have I see a Subject great, brave, and faithful ;
In sight of all adversity— *Bassanes*
Thou wilt obey me strictly ?

Bass. Be danger what it will ;

Nor need you question, but the arm I shall apply
Is strong enough to right, or else revenge
Your injuries : nor want I means prepar'd
Even at this minute, that shall soon perform
The least breath of your commands.

Par. Then know, I do enjoin you all obedience
To the King—

Bass. How, Madam ?

Par. I mean *Tysannes*,
Who has throw'n me from his heart, and that far
More strict, if possible, then had he met
My Love with equal constancy— I would
Not live and underact the part of virtue.

Bass. You oblige me now to be your enemy—
Who knows how soon you may be taken from
The world by him, that thus has cast you from
His bosom ?

Par. 'Tis not inglorious if I die,
Or split on any rock,
This storm shall throw me on,
If Innocence be my harbour.

Bass. The Worm that's trod on, bows in some displeasure
When it's griev'd ; what should then do your Greatness ?

Par. But vertue's yet more gentle, whose value's
Most refin'd by suffering— I know
You will obey me.

Bass. Since 'tis your pleasure.

Par. And be sure give out 'twas Act of State,
Or Crime in me, or any thing thou can't devise
Most plausible, to assure the people
To *Tysannes*. And more, that 'tis my strict

Command, they obey him with all duty,
As their King——this I command thee
As thou art a Prince of worth, my Kinsman,
And my best of Subjects.

Bass. You shall have my obedience.

Par. There's something further I must act——
I'll now consult my thoughts——[Aside.]

Enter Tylamnes.

Bass. Madam, the King.

Par. Attend him——[Exit Par. satisfied.]

Bass. Her worth does merit providence,
To raise her triumph above all misfortune——[Aside.]

Tysam. *Bassanes*, thou'lt welcom War I know, whene'er
'Tis made against our Crown. A Souldiers soul
Is half asleep in peace; nor do I doubt
But by my Arms and thine, to adde yet more Dominion
Unto this.

Bass. Your affairs (I judge)——
Are not so well compos'd at home, the face of things
Has no kind prospect on your Creatures;
If I can preface.

Tysam. This looks not well,
Or rather seems unmannerly and bold.

Bass. My tongue is not so much a coward
To my heart, but it dares speak you to the world unworthy,
In the desertion of your vertuous Queen.

Tysam. Dar'st thou own the name of Subject,
And tempt my fury thus?
Or stare me in the face, and ask me why
I did an Act, reason of State, and the
Prerogative of every vulgar man admits?——

Bass. But forfeits all to honour when unjust;
Nor can you truly call your self a Sovereign
Here, since now turn'd Tyrant unto Love, which
Rais'd you to this Throne.

Tysam. I'll hear no more——my Guard theret

Bass. Or mine that's nearer hand.

Enter

- Enter Eumenes and Draxanes.

Tysam. How's this? treason?

Bass. That word stoo black for my intent; nor is
There voice dares interrupt what I shall utter,
Unless Heavens own, that perhaps will chide me,
For appearing flow in doing justice
On your self.

Tysam. 'Tis not thy force, or death
In all it's shapes of horror, threatn'd against
My life, can move my soul.——

Bass. I pity so much bravery in ill.

Tysam. But that I find a pricking here——

Bass. Such as will blisters raise upon your heart,
And make it burst with burden of your crime;
Nor must you think, that all the pendants
Of your State and Glory (were you permitted
Here to own 'em longer) will not fade and blast
Themselves, worn thus inglorious.

Tysam. Forgive me Heaven, as I repent; *Bassanes*,
Thy loyalty has made me truly Convert;
And could this Act but be recall'd——

Bass. I dare pronounce you then my Sovereign,
Though 'twill wound you yet more deeply,
When you know this Royal Lady (injur'd
Beyond thought) not only
Ha's forgiven this Act, but by command
On me and all her Subjects, made you absolute
To Reign (if you dispense with the
Ingratitude) without her.

Tysam. What penance
Is enough to expiate my Crime? though
I should melt my heart in tears, and shewre 'em
As an offering at her feet——
Call forth my Queen and best belov'd *Parisatis*.

Bass. Let me now kiss your hand.

[*Ex. Eum.*
and *Drax.*

Enter Eumenes and Draxanes.

Eum. The Queen, Sir, is withdrawn.

Tysam. How's that?

Drax. Remov'd, Sir, none knows whither.

Tysam. I fear she has taken some precipitate resolve.

Bass. The joys this news will bring,

Must soon cause her appearance,

Where e're she is retir'd.

Tysam. Make strict and speedy search,
He wants no wealth brings happy tidings first.

Eum. Drax. We'll use all diligence. *[Ex. Eum. Drax.]*

Tysam. Bring forth *Statyra*.

Bass. I'll wait her to you, Sir. *[Ex. Bassanes.]*

Tysam. 'Tis fit she know
How much I have offended for her sake.

Enter Bassanes and Statyra.

Statyra, I must beg a pardon of thy vertue.

Stat. Sir, you have prov'd I can forgive.

Tysam. Thy goodness I have injur'd next my Queens,
And I am making of my peace with Heaven
And her.

Stat. 'Tis worthy of your Soul—
But you'll consider, Sir—

Tysam. I do, that 'twas my sin of love to thee

Which did induce this Act, to whom I first

Dispos'd my heart: and would to Heaven I had

Two souls, that I might give one to thy vertue,

And make thee twin in my affection with my Queen;

Excepting whom, the world and womankind

Are but trifles to my heart.

Stat. Mine is as truly yours;

And let this blush excuse my boldness,

If I claim you now my own.

Tysam. How's this *Statyra*?

Stat.

Stat. You are made free by Law,
(If such a one this Country owns) and can
That less then plead for my enjoyment now,
So much your Lover ?

Bass. I did not look for this.

[*Aside.*

Tysam. Tempt me not fair *Statyra*, lest I fall
Below the sin of the Apostate Angels ;
And call thy love my second crime.

Stat. I did but mention mine to prove your constancy.
May you for ever live most happy in
Your Queen ; and for your sake I'll beg of Heaven
That she may late be taken thither.

Tysam. Thou art a pattern of perfection—

Stat. And since you now have made me free, I'll crave
Your leave to respite my return, till I
Congratulate your happy meeting with
Your Queen, and so to *Persia*, where I'll
Spread your joys.

Bass. This centers with my wish.

[*Aside.*

Tysam. Each syllable of thine does give my soul new wonder.
Since not alone, thou can'st my Crime forgive,
But yield I may another's Lover live.

Ex. Tysamnes leading Statyra, Bassanes.

Enter Melvilia with two Courtiers.

Melv. You are pleas'd to like my entertainment
Gentlemen ; and I am apt enough to be
Proud of your good opinion.

1 Court. You are all diversion, Madam, our Court
Has not such another Lady.

2 Court. I hope you'll
Give me leave to spend some hours with your converse.

Melv. You may be welcom as I please
Jointly, and severally.

Both. We understand you, Madam.

Melv. But methinks you are a little dull (though
Courtly bred) since you speak praises of my Wit,

But

But have little to say for my Beauty.

1 *Court.* Oh Madam! that's granted; the Court has no such Star, bating the Queen.

2 *Court.* Besides, your Ladyship
Cannot so far mistake our inclinations,
As to suppose we pay adorations
To the ugly, though ne're so witty;
They are only fit to eat with, provided
They keep good Tables.

Melv. Now I perceive you.

1 *Court.* But for you, Madam, (so perfectly taking)
The day is too short to admire you, and
The night to enjoy you.

Melv. You aim well, and 'tis odds
But I guess the mark you'd hit—pray sit a while;
I can afford you some minutes—

[*They sit by her.*]

2 *Court.* There's no time
Long enough, we are not in haste.----

1 *Court.* 'Tis fit we wait your leisure.

Enter *Andrages.*

Melv. I keep my lodgings free enough for entertainment,
And live without the fear of
Prying Watchers, or the Jealous Husbands eye.

Andr. Oh my torment! she dares me to be jealous too. [*Aside.*]

2 *Court.* I suppose, Madam, you allow the Gentleman
His times of hawking and hunting, in order
To your more private Recreations.

1 *Court.* Let me be so happy I beseech you,
As to have notice when he is absent.

2 *Court.* Or I, Madam, I should endeavour to serve you.

Andr. I'll try whether I have so much courage
Left, as to mark these things (made up of perfumes [*Draws his*
And Perriwigs) in the fore-head with a sword.
Jealous token of mine, e're I am convicted
I wear a horn there my self--- now Gentlemen----

1 *Court.* Your Husband, Madam---- we are in haste—

Melv.

Melv. You need not make so much.

2 Court. Your Humble Servant, Sir. ———

1 Court. The King expects me, Madam.

Melv. You shall not part with any apprehension
Hence--- how now Sir Hot Spur ? I must curb you
Ifaith, if you offer to take such Careers as these.

Andr. You may command me, Madam—— a Lark is not
So dar'd as I am by this Hobby of mine. [Aside.]

Melv. Put up your Tool, and remove ; your appearance
Was more unseasonable then I look'd for.

Andr. Each word she speaks is a Charm ; I have not
So much valour in me as to oppose her tongue,
What e're I have done, or dare do otherwise. [Ex. Andrages.]

Melv. You may now withdraw,
Gentlemen, the King expects you.

Both. Your Servant Lady.

Melv. There is no need of the expression ;
I did but act a little of the most to show my prerogative ;
I hope you'll say there's one Woman amongst us
Has wit enough to rule her Husband
In spite of Law.

Both. We'll witness it to wonder, Madam. [Exeunt.]

Enter Clarina hastily.

Clar. Oh Madam ! your experiment has done
Wonders ; my Husband---

Melv. Loves thee now to purpose. ———

Clar. Beyond expression.

Melv. My mother prov'd
Such a like Artifice on my father,
For securities sake, yet lov'd him dearly.

Clar. You have given good proof in your own,
And for mine, I believe he feels love
In every fiber of his heart ; kneels to
Adore me, compares me to Stars, and
Vows that I am more fair then ever.
Oh what a kissing time shall I have on't,

If he and I meet in embrace again?

Melv. Tantalize him well first.

Clar. But to say truth,
I long my self, and would willingly be--- you guess---

Enter Foscaris.

Melv. He comes, withdraw a while——

[*Ex. Clarina.*

Fosc. Oh Madam! you
Have given me a present has had such
Powerful operation on me.

Melv. By this time
You well understand the meaning on't
I assure my self.

Fosc. 'Tis love Madam, in extremity.

Melv. Did I not tell you so?

Fosc. I thought I had hit your sense
To a hair indeed, while I conceiv'd you
As Gentlemen should a Lady in the like case.

Melv. It means as good a thing I can assure you.

Fosc. But I am doting on my Wife again,
And must (in spite of flesh and blood) woo her
'Twice over.

Melv. There 'tis--- Alas good Sir, who could
Have thought it in a man of your temper?

Fosc. That same bewitching Bracelet you gave me,
Which I am fain to kiss thus reverently
Most minutes of the day, nay, sometimes pray to't;
I can't blame your Husband
For being such a strict Amorist; he
Has had his philter I suppose.

Melv. I never found it needful; if I had,
Perhaps I should have endeavour'd much
To preserve his love.

Fosc. There's not a hair
On thy head, but I dare say can do more
Than all the Charms of *Medea*.

Melv. Excuse me, Sir.

Fosc.

Fosc. I should be loth to prove you guilty of
Magick, though 'tis certain.

Melo. Proceed, good Sir,
And accuse me, because Heaven has brought
Your affection back again to your Lady;
'Tis odds but I shall answer it.

Fosc. Well, since 'tis thus,
I forgive thee; and as you are a Woman,
Speak a good word for me.

Enter Clarina.

Melo. That I assure you, —
And perhaps have taken more care for you
Then you can imagine — here she comes,
Apply your self first. [*Ex. Melvissa.*]

Fosc. And are we met thus?

Clar. If not happily, you may remove me
With the least breath of yours.

Fosc. Nay, prethee stay,
I love strangely to look on thee —
O that Eye of thine! —

Clar. And this Cheek, this Lip, (some think not ill)
So often tasted by you, with other amorous
Passages of ours: does this remembrance please you?

Fosc. To miracle! —

Clar. And do you truly repent
My desertion, as you protested to me you did?

Fosc. From the very bottom of my belly, sweetest.

Clar. Had you said your heart, perhaps I had
Took your word, and consented to have met
Your desires on honourable terms.

Fosc. This may be a device to bring my passion
To some further mockery: (these the Serpents
Want no wiles) I'll try whether or no
I can dissemble mine, though against the
Power of Magick.

Clar. You dare trust my Love?

Fosc. I could find in my heart —

H

Clar.

Clar. You seem'd of late : I should have lov'd you
To adore me so strangely, that I am oblig'd
To take pity of you now for fear of your wits.

Fosc. 'Tis certain she mocks me—
I confess I felt a kind flame, or so; but I did not intend to keep a perpetual
But I did not intend to keep a perpetual
Etna in my bosom, or such a Favour it is not
Of Love, that will only admit of one Julip.

Clar. *Melvissa's* Arts do fail I fear.

Fosc. Besides, you Women are such nice things
To handle, and as the world runs now,
Have such superlative devices.—

Clar. I can forgive you truly; by this
Image which ne'er can hang too near my heart.

Fosc. My Picture still there? better and better
As sure as I live she's charm'd too;
I remember told me, that she had done
Something extraordinary for me; I may
Dissemble safely, and if need were, make her
Long as much for me now; what a rare turn
Of Love would that be?

Clar. You then continue cruel still?

Fosc. Alas my pretty fondling, I know thou
Wer't ever kind and tender; but to say truth
I did but counterfeit my passion, a little
To comply with thine, and gave out I had
Receiv'd I know not what charms of Venus;
Supposing thou had'st more wit than to believe
Such wonders.

Clar. Is't possible?

Fosc. Alas! what
Could'st thou expect from a man of my complexion?

Clar. I'll try my own Art a little then—
Oh my *Foscari*!— behold I dye to shew
Thee thy ingratitude

Enter

Enter Melvina.

Fosc. Help, help, help, my dearest thing of life,
I love thee most outrageously.

Clar. Are you in earnest?

Fosc. Alas! I could even eat thee to express it.

Clar. May I confide?

Fosc. Besides, I'll tell thee more;
I am charm'd to that purpose—
Behold this Bracelet, there's ten thousand
Spirits of Cupid in it.

Clar. May I be certain? ha, ha, ha—

Fosc. I'll swear it by a thousand Stars.

Clar. Ha, ha, ha—

Fosc. By this good light she jeers me.

Melv. And acts her part unto my wish.

Clar. Some other time you and I will dispute terms. [Ex. Clar.]

Fosc. Oh my folly!

Melv. If you want an Advocate,
Yet command me; in the mean time, I hope
You'll make much of your favour, and so adieu. [Ex. Melv.]

Enter Andrages.

Fosc. If I am not put in a Ballad, or Lampoon'd
By some Scurrilous Poet before to morrow
This time, there is no mischief in being a
Subject of ridiculous wonder.

Andr. What's the matter?

Fosc. Ask me no questions.—

Andr. But I could tell thee
Such a story of my Rancounters.

Fosc. But pronounce not the name of Wife.

Andr. I'll tell thee news then; 'tis said we shall have
Wars with our Amazon neighbours.

Fosc. Let it come,
I have quarrel enough to the whole Sex
For the sake of one.

Clar. You seem'd of late
To adore me so strangely, that I am oblig'd
To take pity of you now for fear of your wits.

Fosc. 'Tis certain she mocks me—
I confess I felt a kind flame, or so;
But I did not intend to keep a perpetual
Etna in my bosom, or such a Feavour
Of Love, that will only admit of one Julip.

Clar. *Melvissa's* Arts do fail I fear.

Fosc. Besides, you Women are such nice things
To handle, and as the world runs now,
Have such superlative devices.—

Clar. I can forgive you truly; by this
Image which ne'er can hang too near my heart.

Fosc. My Picture still there? better and better
As sure as I live she's charm'd too.
I remember told me, that she had done
Something extraordinary for me; I may
Dissemble safely, and if need were, make her
Long as much for me now; what a rare turn
Of Love would that be?

Clar. You then continue cruel still?

Fosc. Alas my pretty fondling, I know thou
Wer't ever kind and tender; but to say truth
I did but counterfeit my passion, a little—
To comply with thine, and gave out I had
Receiv'd I know not what charms of Venus,
Supposing thou had'st more wit than to believe
Such wonders.

Clar. Is't possible?

Fosc. Alas! what
Could'st thou expect from a man of my complexion?

Clar. I'll try my own Art a little then—
Oh my *Foscari*!— behold I dye to shew
Thee thy ingratitude

[*she makes as if she swooned*]
Enter

Enter Melvissa

Fosc. Help, help, help, my dearest thing of life,
I love thee most outrageously.

Clar. Are you in earnest?

Fosc. Alas! I could even eat thee to express it.

Clar. May I confide?

Fosc. Besides, I'll tell thee more;
I am charm'd to that purpose—

Behold this Bracelet, there's ten thousand
Spirits of *Cupid* in it.

Clar. May I be certain? ha, ha, ha—

Fosc. I'll swear it by a thousand Stars.

Clar. Ha, ha, ha—

Fosc. By this good light she jeers me.

Melv. And acts her part unto my wish.

Clar. Some other time you and I will dispute terms. [Ex. *Clar.*

Fosc. Oh my folly!

Melv. If you want an Advocate,

Yet command me; in the mean time, I hope

You'll make much of your favour, and so adieu. [Ex. *Melv.*

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By some Scurrilous Poet before to-morrow
This time, there is no mischief in being a
Subject of ridiculous wonder.

Andr. What's the matter?

Fosc. Ask me no questions.—

Andr. But I could tell thee
Such a story of my Ranounters.

Fosc. But pronounce not the name of Wife.

Andr. I'll tell thee news then; 'tis said we shall have
Wars with our Amazon neighbours.

Fosc. Let it come,
I have quarrel enough to the whole Sex
For the sake of one.

Andr. But if they have many
Such *Penthesilea's* amongst 'em as my Wife,
We are beaten into corners.

Fosc. I am for any thing that's desperate,
And if I do not cut as many of 'em
Off at the waste, to be reveng'd of this
Evil Genius of mine, let me dye
By their Bodkins. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Tyfammes, Alvanes, Araxis, Draxanes,
Eumenes, and others.*

Tysam. Call in the Embassadors. [Ex. Eum. Drax.]

Enter Bassanes with Renone and Cydane.

Here are our Letters to your
Queen.—— We hear her Army
Is advanc'd near upon our Confines.

Renon. But first by us denounces War;
Who scorns to gain a foot of earth, but what
Her Sword shall fairly win.

Tysam. We'll soon prepare to meet her.

Cydane. And thus we take our leaves. [King whispers]

Bassanes to the Embassadors aside. [Alv. & Arax.]

I hope your Queen, whose most illustrious
Person I admire, will grant me pardon;
If in my Countries Cause I serve a Souldier. [Aside.]

Renon. She honours worth in all, amongst whom
Your vertues have no small effects,
Acknowledg'd by the world
A worthy Captain.

Bass. Your Servant Ladies. [Ex. Embassadors.]

Enter Foscaris and Andragas.

Tysam. You shall have all Commands become your valours;
I know as men, you stand oblig'd to serve this Cause.

Fosc. To a man, Sir.

Andr. And I (excepting one Woman)
Dare act as much against the Sex: but she
For the sake of one.

I must confess, Sir, has the better on me
In all Incounters.

Tysam. Your Wife I guess;
I am glad to hear I have a Subject who
Is so kind a Husband--- No news yet of our Queen?
Bass. Not any, as the best of my Intelligence can learn.
Tysam. My soul is on the torture.

Enter Toxaris.

Tox. I hope Sir,
I have brought you happy tidings in this Letter.

Tysam. 'Tis *Parisatis* hand.

Tox. 'Twas given me
From an unknown person, who would not stay
To satisfy my further Queries.

Tysam. reads. *Let this assure you from Parisatis,
That she is remov'd from this Life, before
It meets your hand: The means I have
Resolv'd on for my end, I will not give you the
Grief to hear, or charge you guilty of my death,
And to confirm you, this precedes my last being;
I have sent you this Jewel, you must witness
I vow'd should be kept to the death of Parisatis.*

Oh Heavens! my *Parisatis* dead! read
Here *Bassanes*.

[*Bassanes* reads.]

Bass. My tears are slow, but credit me,
The death of Armies, and the groans of War
When made from gasping Friends, just drowning
Of their souls in streams of blood, ne're shook
My heart like this.

Tysam. Thy griefs are truly mine.

Bass. But hope that providence, whose paths are
Labyrinths, may yet—

Enter Statira.

Tysam. She's dead, she's dead, too certain---

Stat. The King's disturb'd.

Tysam. Beyond expression; *Parisatis* my Queen—

Stat. I hop'd was now return'd to your embrace.

Tysam. The other world contains her virtues, she's dead.

Stat. My eyes can ne're want streams to pour

With yours for such a loss.

Tysam. Mine are too guilty to partake

With thine; and had I more then *Niobe*

E're shed to drown my soul in; or turn'd

To Marble at this news like her, 'twere but

Too gentle to express my crime or grief.

Stat. This passion's glorious.

Tysam. What death can I devise, or torments

Give my soul enough, that have at once

To answer breach of faith to thee and death of her?

Stat. Your stain is deep in both, though far more vile

As you are a Prince who did unworthily

Possess the love and glories

Of so excellent a Queen; that no pretence

Of Power, or Law, can expiate—

But since by Heavens decree she's thus remov'd

To Stars, for which did I but know her Urn,

I'de visit it, and pay my tears as an

Oblation to her memory—

Yet now 'tis fit you live for my sake

Tysam. Thou hast some justice to my life,

But wilt not now oblige it?

Stat. I do, and

Claim it as the greatest blessing of my own.

Tysam. There's nothing left me, but in thee, that can

Invite a minutes breath.

Stat. You had my first love Sir,

So far you have an interest still.

Tysam. And for thy sake I will admit to live;

Nay more, I'll talk to thee of Love, and with

What penitence thou shalt require, acknowledge

My past vows to thee, besides the guilt of my

Ingratitude unto my *Parisatis*.

Stat. Heaven must absolve your crime to both,

For this your noble sorrow.

Tysam. Thy words are comforts to my soul;
But this is such an hour the Stars must mourn,
Or find new trepidations in their orbs
To fright the earth with some calamity----
Besides an Enemy does threaten now to invade
Our Kingdom---- *Bassanes*, you shall command
As General.

Bass. With my best duty Sir, and 'twas
Your Queens command I should continue still your
Faithful Subject.

Tysam. I have no other title here to reign but from her love,=
Admit I leave thee, fair *Statyra*, in some place
Of best security.

Stat. I am oblig'd to be companion in your dangers.

Tysam. That were an endless peril, though thy virtue
Be above what fate can injure.

Stat. My heart were else not worth the owning yours.

Tox. A brave and gracious Lady.

Alv. The King 'tis sure affects her.

[*Aside.*

Tysam. I feel a cloud upon my soul, I know not when
Or how 'twill vanish—

Come *Statyra*, my Love and thine must wait
The calmer hours of time and kinder fate.

Ex. Omnes,

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mandana, Daranthe, Cydane, Renone, and other Women.

Mand. **T**HE King may soon repent he gave our Treaty
Such neglect.

Cyd. We doubt it not, most royal Madam----

Mand. And for his Queen, whose fair desertion
Has the first place in our quarrel, would she
Were now alive, that we might with our arms
Impose her on his Love.

Daran.

Daran. 'Twereto be with'd.

Mand. The proof we have now given by taking
This strong City of *Daxata* on the River
Volga, must make 'em know, their force
Must yield unto our Sexes power,
We lead---- what thinks our chief
Commandress?

Daran. I judge that victory will soon
Make offerings at your feet.

Mand. This Pass we have
Secur'd must prove considerable, since it
Impedes all their recruits that way.

Daran. And what's more,
Hinders provision might else arrive
Unto their Camp: nor can they forrage here
Much longer; environ'd on each side with
Mountains, where by your mighty conduct
All the passages stand seiz'd by us.

Mand. I think
They dare not hope to force their passage.

Daran. Our Womens hearts must fail 'em strangely then,
And make your greatness wear a blush,
To see them this day prove degenerate,
Who from your conduct glory many Victories.

Mand. Spoke like the blood of *Amazons*.

Renon. Nor do we doubt the issue of this day
Will make your Prowess far more fam'd
Then brave *Thalestris* (stories tell) was from
Great *Alexander*, (the Prince of Captains)
Held in highest admiration.

Mand. I see
You are all resolv'd, as does become
This Cause I fight, by which we'll force even Nature
To confess she was a partial Mother
To our Sex, when she made man
First heir of Glory.

Daran. Royal Madam——

Mand. Enough, they serve

Our drudgeries, our pleasures, or embraces,
To create us Souldiers, that scorn their uses
But for our heroick ends.

Daran. Didbut the Women
Of this world besides hear this, they'd be asham'd,
To think they had not broke the yoke of men,
And such a fair and great Protectress in your self.

Mand. An entertainment for our Greatness there,
That this haughty Prince, *Tysannes*, (who dares
Make War against our Sex) may know that we
In this strong City, forc'd from his bold powers,
Keep our triumphant joys.

Ren. Some Prisoners of War desire to present
Your Majesty with a Dance, after the
Manner of their Country.

Man. We admit them.

Musick and a Dance.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. A Moorish Lady desires admittance
To your presence.

Man. She has our leave.

Enter Parisatis disguis'd like a Moor.

Man. Your business Lady.

Par. 'Tis such, most Royal Madam, must beg
A pardon for my craving this access,
Who have journey'd far, to see the glory
Of your Arms and Person, fam'd above all
The antient *Amazons* so much renown'd.

Mand. The ambition of this visit we can pardon;
And glad we are our Actions have
Oblig'd the world and fame.

Par. But more your Sex in this
Fair Cause your arms embrace.

Mand. This language suits
Our greatness—

Par. And though our swarthy clime

Cannot boast Natures Beauties in Rose
 And Lilly cheeks ; that gives us there as Daughters
 Of the night ; or that the kisses of the Sun
 Were so unkindly spent, as it alone
 Did darken us, and guild the world besides ;
 Yet we have there bright souls of honour.

Mand. I find thou hast, above what I in this
 Short view can read---- thy Name ?

Par. Zeriffa, Madam——

Mand. Thy extraction
 I need not ask, I know it must be great
 That represents thy self so full of noble grace
 Unto our presence.

Par. Your great esteem is
 My ambition to improve, though with the
 Greatest hazard of my life.

Mand. And dost thou then love Arms ?——

Par. So far, most Royal Madam, as I would
 Be glad to dye, though not so much as mention'd
 In the lowest place, among the Annals
 Of your fair Atchievements.

Mand. I even dare
 Already boast I have a Souldier in thee,
 Worthy to lead with us, and these, whose veins
 Are warm'd with blood of *AMAZONS*, inciting
 Deeds, which but reported to the softer
 Of our Sex, give tremblings to their hearts.

Par. I should be loth to lose my share in honour,
 Or miss the end I have design'd my life ;
 Yet must avow I never yet have fought.

Mand. Though thy Complexion above all thy Sex,
 Nature has fitted most to deeds of War,
 In which the scars, and wounds of arms, cannot
 Dig furrows in the fair brow of Beauty,
 So dear unto the vainer of thy kind.
 Yet I must now require, whether no other
 Motive has produc'd this inclination ?

Par. I'll soon confess I have not liv'd so much

Oblig'd by man, as that I may not justly
Be concern'd in your great cause and quarrel
To make an offering of my life.

Mand. Thou hast won my confidence.

Par. The command I ask from your great Majesty,
Shall be but mean, such as your prudence best
Will judge becomes a stranger's trust.

Mand. And thou shalt have it, worthy *Moor*.

Par. But crave it may be hazardous and daring :
Heaven knows how willing
I am to be rid of life.

[*Aside.*

Mand. Thou shalt have fit employment for thy valour—
And take care my valiant Women, that this
Moor, who promises such wonders of her Faith
And Vertue, does not in noble emulation
Match your Prowess.

Daran. The Queen's soon taken with this stranger.

Cydan. She seems to promise much.

Mand. A suit of our best Arms and Quiver
For this *Moor*—

*Enter one with Arms
and Quiver.*

Daranthe, and you Ladies,
See her according to our warlike mode
Invested ; nor do I doubt thou'lt use 'em
Nobly.

[*They put 'em on.*

Par. I should be else not worthy of that Soul
I would be thought to bear.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The Enemy prepares for
Battel, Mighty Queen.

Mand. We will prevent 'em giving the onset first—
Mean while, let's hear a Martial Ode,
The Harmony our Womens ears delight ;
While others of their Sex warble amorous
Notes to entertain their Lovers.

*The Queen Mandana leads her Amazon Women in state round the
Stage, making several pauses while the Ode is Singing ; at the end
of which they go off.*

The Amazons are suppos'd to sing the Martial Ode.

TO Arms, to Arms, the Warlike fare,
As our Heroick Charms,
With Martial Echo's fill the Air,
Inviting unto Arms.

Our Women with their Bows and Darts,
Dare Mans rough powers assail,
And Conquer such unshaken Hearts
To give Love laws as we prevail.

Advance, advance, lest fortunes hostile
Our Onsets should delay,
Obliging time that flies so fast,
To curb his Steeds this day;
And hand in hand with mighty fame,
That wraps in Clouds her head,
Her glorious daughters us proclaim,
And first our stately Triumphs lead.

We challenge Dian and her Host
Of Nymph-like Archers all,
Who from their Quivers glory boast,
Or proud Acteons salt;
If ever their bright eyes beheld,
A Chorus like to ours;
Or saw themselves so far excell'd
By Womens more Heroick powers.

[Exeunt.

Enter Bassanes, Foscaris, Andrages, Eumenes and Draxanes.

Bass. Be courageous Gentlemen, the straight we are in,
I doubt not but my conduct with the Kings
Will find some brave expedient to relieve.

Omn. We'll all dye at your command.

Bass. And for the Souldiers wants, our valours soon
Shall feed, e're their pin'd bellies mutiny

For

For bread ; my presence is requir'd to see
What order keeps our other wing.

[*Ex. Bassanes.*

Fosc. Well Lads, we must fight it out to purpose,
I find there's no getting else a crum of sustenance.

Andr. Or be made such drudges to these *Amazonia*
Furies, their Camp has not the like.

Drax. In our late skirmish methoughts they fought
Like Dragons, and handl'd their Bows with more
Dexterity then *Parthians*.

Andr. There's at least
A Legion of Women, or more Evil Spirits
In any one of them.

Eun. And should we fall
Into their hands, what might they expect
After that rate?

Drax. As I am a Souldier,
I think a Brigade of men would scarce do
The bus'ness of one Woman of this Generation,
If they have the same vivacity for *Venus*,
As for *Mars*.

Fosc. This morning I could have been contented
To have broke my fast with one of the fair
Centinels next me ; 'twas such a pretty
Hard-hearted Rogue.

Drax. And if I starve for want
Of Bread and Women, let me perish unpity'd.

Eun. Nay, we must venture on their bodies some way
Or other ; there's not a passage left us else
So wide as man enters the world.

Drax. 'Tis said they hold
Intelligence with our *Scythian*
Women : and have made such furious resolves
If we fall into their hands.

Andr. And for us Husbands——
If they Conquer——

Fosc. Eunuch'd to a Man, Gentlemen——
I look to carry my quill in my hat,
To show I am wholly castrated ;

For the rest of our Troops, perhaps they'll give 'em
Leave to spin in Boots, or serve their other occasions.

Enter *Tysamnes* with *Statyra*, *Bassanes*, *Alvanes*,
Toxaris and *Araxis*.

Eum. Here comes the King; we now shall be for
Action speedily.

Andr. His looks seem troubl'd.

Tysam. Our City taken on the *Volga*, and
Our Provisions, the Sinews of our Armies strength
Cut off before our eyes; nay more, inclos'd
By female powers——Can you be men and live
To this contempt?

Bass. Spare your passion Sir.

Tysam. I cannot, while I see I govern Souldiers
Scarce deserve the name of men, more fit,
By Heaven, to be converted to some other shape,
Or serve as Chamber Eunuchs to this female kind
Our Arms oppose.

Bass. This stratagem of theirs
Was unexpected; in all my time of war,
I ne're was so surpriz'd.

Tysam. Think, dear *Bassanes*,
How we may redeem some part of this dishonour.

Bass. I judge the way must be to attacque
Their left wing with a brisk assault.

Tysam. Be it thy command. *Foscaris*, *Andrages*,
Draxanes and *Eumenes*, be you assisting
In this enterprize with such Troops you lead.

Omn. To our utmost, Royal Sir.

Bass. And hope I shall soon give your Majesty
A good account of this attempt——Madam,
I have your happy wish.

Stat. And more, my Prayers for your safety.

Tysam. The other wing (my worthy Chiefs) I'll lead
To assist your valours.

Omn. We all are ready with our Duties.

Tysam.

Tysam. And if our Swords cannot yet subdue these
Women Warriours; let them triumph,
And tell Dame Nature
'Twas her fond erroneous act,
Entitled Man Superiour.

Stat. Consider, Sir,
For my sake, as you love *Statyra's* being,
That have no small concern in every danger,
Threatens you.

Tysam. 'Tis for thy sake I'de only live
To crown this day with victory.

Stat. 'Twere too much hazard for my Love.

Tysam. Thou would'st not have me tamely gaze upon
These Foes, and see thee pine for food?
Or yield our selves to this imperious womans will,
That may, perhaps, give Laws unwelcom to
Our Loves, or take thy Beauty Captive for
Her slavish Handmaid, whom but to circle thus,
Is joy to me above the world and conquest.

Stat. Admit I intercede for some fair peace,
She is a Woman fam'd of Royal worth,
And cannot be so cruel you express.

Tysam. I know thou would'st not save my life by
Womans mercy; besides, 'twould fright thy gentle
Person, to behold thy Sex in Armour,
And their breasts (while thine's Loves tender sphere)
Inclos'd in Ribs of Steel, with one cut off,
More furiously to wield their Martial Bows,
With other Warlike horrors to afflict thy eyes.

Stat. I fear no danger, so I serve but yours.

Tysam. Admit I leave thee in my Tent,
Attended with my best reserves of Force—

Enter an Officer.

What news?

Officer. Your Army, Sir, is in outrageous Mutiny
For Bread.

Alvan. I look'd for this.

Tox.

Tox. I fear as much the Consequence.

Tysam. A sign they are sons of Cowardise
That cannot take it from their Women-foes,
Or make them knead us more.

Officer. Your presence, Sir, may possibly allay
Their fierce disorder.

Tysam. We'll see who dares not fight,
Or starve if we command it---- or else
We'll look e'm dead---- your hand my dearest----

This Mutiny we'll soon compose—— [Exeunt.

He leads Statyra to his Tent, & exit with the rest.

*Enter Foscaris, Andrages, Eumenes and Draxanes, disarm'd
and led Prisoners by three Amazon Ladies and other Women
holding their spears at 'em.*

Fosc. Nay, good Lady Errants some mercy——

Eum. As we are Souldiers-----

1 Lady. 'Tis below our Amazon honour to afford it
To such Knights of Chivalry as you are.

Andr. As we are Gentlemen of good Nature to your Sex.

Drax. Or as you have had kindness to man.

Fosc. Or for Loves sake, of which I have store at your
Service.

2 Lady. You are Spirits indeed of *Cupid*.

Fosc. I am more than an ordinary man that way,
And have *Venus* about me in abundance.

Enter Daranthe.

1 Lady. Here comes our General.

2 Lady. We must not farther act without her.

Daran. You have done bravely, valiant Ladies;
But where's their General *Bassanes*, who
Forc'd your Squadrons? the Queen would have been glad
To have led in triumph such a famous Chief.

1 Lady. He fought his way with many wounds unto the
Folga; in whose rough streams we judge him drown'd.

Daran.

Daran. The Queen will give his loss some pity---
 For you Gentlemen, who have not been
 Injurious to our Sex in practising
 Your *Scythian* custom; the Queen proclaims
 She'll think of mercy; and for such pris'ners
 Who have Wives—

Fosc. What will be our Fate?

[*Aside.*

Daran. It is her Royal Pleasure
 They be surrender'd to their wills—
 I must attend and give her notice
 Of your brave success.

[*Ex. Daran.*

Fosc. 'Twere best to be afore-hand with this Act
 Of Grace--- I humbly lay hold on your Queens mercy.

And. And I, Madam.

Eum. And I.

Drax. And I.

Enter Melvissa and Clarina.

Lad. Have none of you Wives in being, Gentlemen?
 What say you, Sir?

Fosc. Who I, Madam? I would not be so unfortunate
 For a world; and would you
 But espouse us to some of your Masculine
 Generation, we'd get your Queen such Heroines.

Melv. Dost hear how abominably these Creatures [To *Clar.*
 Of our Loves dissemble? *aside.*

Clar. They are oblig'd, it seems, to
 Change the complexion of their hearts.

Melv. Let it be for life's sake, or love's, I'll have
 My due acknowledgments—

Andr. Do not own us, dear Wives, [Aside.

Melv. How, not own our just proprieties?

Fosc. As you are Women, and have mercy,
 We are coming off, and on the fairest terms
 Heart can wish--- withdraw awhile,
 And we'll be with you in a trice, and
 Handle things kindly, as men and wives should do.

Melv. You shall excuse us, we'll reprieve you
Our own way now.

Clar. And for you, Sir, whose Conversion,
I hop'd, my better stars had wrought——

Fosc. Alas! my sweetest, I love thee with a flame
As warm as thou can'st wish; but was forc'd to
Dissemble for some motives of danger,
Which I know thou'l't pardon.

1 Lad. 'Tis fit we understand
Your business, Ladies.

2 Lad. You are not Spies.——

Melv. By your fair leaves,
We come to claim a pair of Husbands
By virtue of your Queens Proclamation.

Clar. Of which, one of them had the good manners
To part with his Wife, witness my self.——

Omn. How's this?

Andr. What will become of us?

Fosc. Or me, that have provok'd
Fate and Woman together?

Andr. I am like to suffer under both, that must again
Endure the insupportable, and endless
Civil war of wedlock.

Fosc. O, the star of *Venus* has had a strange influence
In our Horoscopes; there's no resisting destiny,
And she the Ascendant.

Andr. Might I chuse, I had rather once more charge the
Amazonian Battel, and all the Viragoes
Of woman-kind together.

[*The Ladies compass them in holding their spears at them.*]

Both Lad. Shall we kill e'm to revenge your injuries?

Clar. By no means, we beg their lives.

Melv. And having thus cull'd out our Cocks,
I doubt not, but we shall manage the game
Advantageously enough.

1 Lad. You have e'm at your mercy.

Clar. Thanks to your Queens.

Melv. She has mine likewise in abundance Ladies.——

But

But for you Husbands.—

Fosc. Nay, prethee we'll compose differences as you

Drax. Now for our Capitulations. [*Drax.* and *E*

Eum. If we do not make fair ones for our selves

With such Victors as these,

We may curse our Nativities.

Fosc. What terms of composition, good sweet Wife?
Thou know'st I love thee above imagination.

Clar. Perhaps I may give you fair quarter.

Fosc. Let it be but in thine, and I will dye
Upon the spot, e're part with thee again;
I am thine now without a charm.

Clar. I promise nothing, though you see I have took
Some pains for your safety.

Andr. What says my Spouse?

Melv. 'Tis odds she'll proceed as occasion serves.

Andr. Be not proud of thy victory, thou know'st
I have been a most submissive Husband.

Melv. You'll soon know my conditions----

Andr. And if they prove but gentle,
I am conquer'd happily----

1 Lad. You will not leave our Camp presently?

Clar. Not till the issue of this day be past.

2 Lad. If you doubt obedience from your Husbands,
Command a Guard from us.

Fosc. By no means Ladies,
We acknowledge an absolute Conquest.

Melv. Otherwise, you know our Commission.

Clar. Your servant, fair noble Warriours. [*Ex. Fosc. Clar.*

1 Lad. The Queen. [*Andr. Melv.*]

Enter *Mandana* with *Cydane* and *Renone*.

Mand. You have taken those fierce Militants
That did attempt to force their safeties
In despite of our bold powers.

2 Lad. We have, most Royal Madam,
And in obedience to your great commands,

Have gratify'd two Ladies of the Enemies part,
By surrendring of their Husbands to their wills.

Mand. I am glad my victory
Does give my name a Trophy in the
Obligation of my Sex; these men we war,
Have too injurious treated--- But where's
The Prince *Bassanes*, their General?

I Lad. He forc'd his bold escape, if not drown'd
In passing of the *Volga*.

Mand. We could have
Been content to have seen him made our Captive.

Renon. And must have added
Glory to your Victory.

Cyd. He much exprest himself your great Admirer.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Glad tidings, mighty Queen, the King and all
His power is now surrender'd to your General.

Mand. I knew the streight we had reduc'd 'em to,
Would soon compel 'em—

And where's his fair *Persian* Mistress, *Statyra*?

Mess. She is, besides some Pris'ners of note
Guarded by the valiant *Moor*.

Mand. This Crowns our Conquest.

*Enter Darantbe and Parisatis, with Tysannes and Statyra, Araxis,
Toxaris and Alvanes.*

Darantbe, I must praise thy valour—
And all you my Women Souldiers
For this glorious day.

Daran. We are honour'd that our duties
Serv'd your Greatness.

Mand. But thine, my valiant *Moor*, that gives
Such noble emulation in thy worthy Deeds
To all, I know not how enough to magnifie,
But soon will raise thy merit to some higher

Trust,

Trust, shall speak our great esteem, both of thy
Valour and fidelity.

Par. You oblige the humblest of your Servants.

Mand. The King's a gracious person. [*Looking on Tysam.*]

Par. I fear too taking.

Mand. Now, Mighty Sir?

Tysam. Your pleasure, Madam?

Mand. Is it not just, that I, who am the Mighty
Warriour, in my Sexes Cause,
Should frown thee dead?

Tysam. You cannot look me out of life, nor would
I turn my head aside, though every beam
Of yours, were Darts of Basilisks, that dare
Behold you thus—

Mand. You are resolute I find;
And would to Heaven your Queen were yet in being,
That she might witness my concern in her
Fair Cause; or from my power
Ask thee her Sacrifice,
Since thou hast been so much her Tyrant Lover.

Tysam. My ingratitude to her great vertue
I acknowledge; though I meet all your rage
In pouring of revenge for her sake on my head;
And since she is no more, for which, Heaven knows,
How true I grieve, I would not live, but for
This Ladies sake.

[*Looking on Statyra.*]

Mand. Your new made Mistress—

Tysam. And just possessor of my heart.

Mand. She has strange fascination in her eyes,
For which—

[*Aside.*]

Stat. If you pronounce me guilty, speak my death;
Nay, I'll intreat it at your hand as royal mercy,
So you'll spare the King,
For whose great safety,
Had I many thousand lives, I'd humbly
Lay them, as my offering, at your feet.

Daran. This Lady has a noble soul.

Par. Too much the Kings I fear.

[*Aside.*]

Mand.

Mand. I have cause enough to bid thee dye,
But will not cloud the glory of this day
With Womans death; and wer't not for a sacred
Resolution of my soul, perhaps would grant
Thy Loves enjoyment; but I have now decreed—

Tysam. If death, I am ready to embrace it.

Stat. Oh speak some milder Accent! what can
Become a Womans soul, like yours, so much
As gracious mercy?

Mand. My resolution's fixt irrevocable,
As when by Heaven's o're-ruling will, we guide
Our Justice: for know *Tysammes*, I have vow'd
Thy life a glorious victim of my Conquest;
Nor has it been unusual in the Wars we make,
For such a day as this, to grace our Altars
With the best of Caprives, of which I judge
None worthy, like thy self.

Stat. You will not be divinely cruel?

Mand. I'll hear no more---

Zeriffa--- take these pris'ners to thy custody;
Thy Complexion is most fit to serve this Trust;
And be sure you have a watchful eye
Upon this Lady; the rest, perhaps,
Shall find our mercy.

Par. I joy this trust.

Tysam. Grieve not, *Statyra*, since I dye thy Lover.

Stat. And might I bleed upon the Altar with you,
'Twere then my Loves true Sacrifice.

Mand. Thus far this day propitious does appear,
But from the end great Acts their Crowns must wear. [Ex.Omnes.

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Mandana and Parisatis.

Mand. **H**ow bears *Tysannes* his restraint, and our
Declar'd resolves? I know they needs
Must bow his lofty heart.

Par. As unconcern'd as Infants sleep;
Or as the Man you'd chuse the object of
Your mercy ought to be—— nay more.——

Mand. What means that more?

Par. You are a Woman.

Mand. But a Conquerour.

Par. Had I like power.

Mand. What then?

Par. I'd bid him live at least.

Mand. Thou would'st not have me love him?

Par. No by my life——

Though 'twere a gracious Act to Heaven, if you—
Vouchsafe him mercy; since he's oblig'd to fair
Statyra's Love; you else will kill two hearts at once.

Mand. Away with this fond pity;
I have fix't my Justice

Par. Your pleasure Madam.

Mand. Bring forth the King,
I'll make him know it.

Par. I am all confusion.

[*Ex. Parisatis.*]

Mand. This *Moor* is brave and loyal; my Mother once
Had such a Lady near her person, she
Would commend above what Faith can reach.

Enter Parisatis with Tysannes.

Zeriffa! admit none to our presence.

Par. I shall not— but by your leave *Queen*,

Will

Will here observe—

[*Par. Stands aside.*]

Mand. I hear, *Tysannes*,
You condemn the vow I've made,
Nor does my eye
Discern other then pleasing calms upon
The brow you seem to wear.

Tysam. Such as become a King,
And every vulgar man, when made a Sacrifice
To womans passion----

Mand. Take heed, Sir, how
You entertain a Summer in your hopes,
Or slight the Justice I decree.

Tysam. What mean you, Madam?
Alas! I look'd to meet the Miter'd Priest,
The Altar fixt, where I should bleed your Victim,
And if you superscribe it
With my crimes of Love,
Which caus'd at once my *Parisatis* death,
And fair *Statyra's* tears, I'll call it justice,
And due expiation of my sins to Heaven.

Mand. I'll soon my self convey you to the
Altar I intend—

Par. What means the Queen?

[*Aside.*]

Mand. Or say I bid thee live?

Tysam. 'Twere then a mercy greater then I crave,
Or merit.

Mand. I'd have thee judge it more.

Par. 'Tis love most certain.

[*Aside.*]

Mand. What think you of this look?

[*She smiles.*]

Tysam. 'Tis somewhat gentler then I did expect.

Mand. And what of this?

[*Smiles again.*]

Tysam. It seems more kind then common smile.

Mand. Is it not welcom to thy heart?

Tysam. 'Twere too much to bestow such beams on me,
And gives me greater wonder, then should Lights Orb
Contract its glory to the Artick Pole,
To quicken there some frozen spot of earth.

Mand. He does perceive—thy pardon now is written

In

In my heart--- *Zeriffa*—

Enter *Parisatis*.

See thou respect *Tysamnes*

Above observance of a Pris'ner; I have
Some motives of a near concern require it.

[*Ex. Mandana.*

Par. Is this your vow, oh *Parisatis*?

Didst thou walk as undiscern'd as Ghosts
That cloath themselves in bodies of the Air;
This must affright thee more, then timorous hearts
Scar'd with such pale horrors—

[*Aside.*

Admit, Sir, I congratulate this Grace.

Tysam. 'Twas unexpected—

And I with glader eyes could have beheld
Thee made my deaths black Hand-maid. *

Par. You do not slight the Queen, that with her
Gracious beams of mercy quickens you to live?

Nay more, if I discern that have some trust
From her fair thoughts, is giving of her self
A conquest to your Love--- methinks
This should awake your apprehension,

Tysam. It does! but find my self
Unshaken to *statyra*, and could have wish'd
Your Queens more rigid vow were unrepeal'd,
That I might bleed her Sacrifice.

Par. She is your Crime,
And therefore does deserve to be your Fate,
Or else embrace the same with her.

Tysam. Though thy dark visage is most fit to be
The messenger of death and all it's horrors,
I may enquire what cause incites thee
To appear thus cruel.

Par. It breaks like clearest justice
From my Soul, that am oblig'd to be
Your Queens Revenger----

Tysam. Thou art not sent from t'other world
To be my Executioner, where she's adorn'd
With Crowns and smiles of Angels, still interceding
My forgiveness.

Par. I have griev'd his Soul too much,
Pardon me, Sir, I was too bold to urge
Your penitence.

[*Aside.*]

Tysam. It proves thee worthy.

Par. One word and I have done; were your Queen living?
Nay more, Sir, wer't soon as manifest, she
Hazarded her life, repriev'd on purpose
For your safety, would you receive her
To your embrace and love?

Tysam. She is too dear to Heaven
To be given thence; and Stars which frown'd upon
That fatal Act, already have enroll'd her
In their first of bright Societies—
But this is all thy dream.

Par. Believe it such—
Yet so far I dare represent her self,
As to assure you, for her sake, I'll dye
To purchase your just freedom—
Let this tear confirm you, as 'twere shed from her.

Enter *Statyra*.*Statyra* Sir.[*Ex. Parisatis.*]

Tysam. The carriage of this *Moor*
Is honours riddle to my thoughts—
Oh my *Statyra*! I have yet a hope of thy
Enjoyment.

Stat. Does the Queen Incline to mercy?

Tysam. She has receded from her vow.

Stat. That's happy—
And more cruel in decree, seeks
To divide my soul from thine—
Thou understand'st me?

Stat. I do too sadly—

Tysam. But this *Moor*, employ'd by Heaven
To be a Guardian of our Loves, or as
The night, or *Hymen* gave her this complexion
To be a sober guide unto his rights,
Devotes her self to serve our safeties.

Stat. This means of happiness was above my hope,

While

While through each vein of mine, my blood had ebbings
 From my heart, in apprehension of your dangers;
 Nor did I view her with less horror,
 Conceiving her the Queens most cruel instrument.

Tysam. I thought her so, but she has given me such
 Assurance of her Faith and Love, that had
 Thy beauteous figure took a veil like her,
 Or were my *Parisatis*
 Represented such, I would not have expected
 A more strict concern for me.

Stat. It seems too much
 To credit from a stranger, or else 'tis but
 Loves kinder Labyrinth.

Enter *Parisatis*.

Tysam. She's here---- salute her
 With thy kindest beams, she does deserve
 Our near regards.

Stat. Madam, the King has given me such a character
 Of your worth, as I must beg to joyn
 Acknowledgments with his.

Par. I'll venture all that's dear to serve him,
 And your vertue; but this is not a time
 For Words: Things call to action—
 Please you withdraw.

[*Ex. Tysam. Stat.*]

Enter *Draxanes*.

Draxanes come?

Drax. I hope most happily.

Par. And hast thou found him?

Drax. Yes, Madam, and have brought him.

Par. This place is safe from ears--- wait him to me. [*Ex. Drax.*]
 If fortune be not peevish now, the Scene
 I have laid shall Crown my Acts.

Enter *Bassanes* disguis'd.

I am wondrous glad to see thee live.

Bass. And I like to some man that's
 Struck with Extasies of joy,
 Could even resign my soul, as thus
 I kiss the ground I tread, in adoration

Of your being here, when fear'd beyond a doubt
You had snatch'd your self away, to make its
Bosom in your grave more sacred.

Par. *Draxanes* told thee all?

Bass. He did Madam,
As I was levying of Recruits to free the King
From this restraint he suffers here.

Par. Then we'll spare further circumstance,
And only know I have prepar'd to do him
Signal service; for which end, I took this Cloud,
Either to dye unknown, or live a means
Of his lov'd preservation.

Bass. This deed must ravish Men and Angels
To expresse; who must admire at once
Your most heroick constancy and vertue.

Par. Enough *Bassanes*, and pardon me, that I
Sent my summons to joyn thee as companion
In the dangers I embrace.

Bass. You shall command
My utmost peril, though every man I meet
Could look me into Atoms.

Par. And know to my
More cruel Fate, the King not only has
A Mistress in *statyra*, but the Queen
Mandana, his fair Conquerour, has vow'd
Him for her own enjoyment.

Bass. What can be thought on
To resist this high injustice?

Par. I have resolv'd upon the means, in which
I'll use thy Conduct, not more approv'd to act,
Then sage in resolution; nor do I doubt
The instruments we'll use, are less then cordial,
To embrace the end we shall propose, which must
Be swift in execution.

Bass. I would not waste a minute e're I act to serve it.

Par. The Guards are here at my devotion, besides
A considerable number of our bravest Officers,
By the Queen *Mandana*, set at liberty.

Bass.

Bass. They may be serviceable to your design.

Par. The honour of their King obliges it—
Within we'll debate more at large particulars.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter *Toxaris, Alvanes, Araxis.*

Tox. Well Gallants, we are all Freemen now.

Alv. 'Tis a seasonable mercy to us Courtiers,
Not us'd to this kind of belly duty;
We otherwise must have been living Anatomies
By this time.

Arax. And so perhaps Metamorphiz'd
Into starv'd Ghosts, to walk with hideous
Lamentations these Fields of Victory.

Tox. I do not think
All th' Infernal Region can fright these
Victrices, should they appear in Arms,
There's not an Image of *Mars*, but does raise
Their fury above Miracle.

Alv. And yet
For all their being thus courageous and hardy
(Which must be acknowledg'd more then wonder
In their soft kind) they are refin'd as our Ladies
Of the best converse; and as modishly witty
As any the Platonick living—

Arax. If *Venus* make no Captives in this shape
Of *Mars*, may her Son ne're more wear Quiver.

Enter *Eumenes.*

Eum. Never men enfranchis'd on such terms
As we are, for which this great and fair
Warriour deserves a Jubilee.

Tox. She's highly gracious.

Eum. And like the Sun diffusive in her beams;
I have been so Carefs'd by our fair Conquerours,
Under several Titles and Commands, as if they'd
Invite us shortly to match by Regiments,
And so at last joyn Armies! what a day
Of *Hymen* would that be?

Alv.

Alv. Could but our King be freed
On royal terms, 'twould adde yet
Glory to this Queens great Acts.

Enum. Some did interpret
Favourably, when she late vow'd him
To a sad destiny.

Arax. As how?

Enum. As men should construe in like case, a Womans vow.

Tox. I am yet to learn, there's nothing but
Riddle in the whole Sex.

Enum. 'Tis said that Love's the *Oedipus*,
And has resolv'd it, to whose soft Altars
She has given the King some beams of invitation.

Alv. But that may adde unto his greater peril,
Being so much devoted to *Statyra*,
That his heart is Ice to other flame.

Arax. Heaven guide things for the best!

Tox. Where did you leave *Draxanes*?

He shares of this Grace I hope?

Enum. Yes, and is advanc'd to no small favour.—

Tox. Not with the Queen?

Enum. No, but what's a step to't,
He is deep in the *Moors*;
I left him in close Conference with her.

Alv. That *Moor* carries the stream indeed of Grace:
Our King committed to her trust with his beauteous
Mistress.

Arax. But what to judge her.

Enum. She bears a Soul of brightest temperament;
As if that providence had found a place
Elsewhere for her Nativity; or as she wore
An Ethiops Cloudy Veil, from Art, not Nature.

Enter Foscaris leading Clarina, and Andrages Melvissa.

Tox. *Foscaris* and *Andrages* come off thus
With their Wives! this must conclude
A strange day of Womans Victory.

Fosc. I have paid my Arrears
Of Love, I hope to purpose ; we are
Reconcil'd, and have embrac'd, and so forth Gentlemen.

Clar. You have so.

Fosc. And can bill like Doves now.

Clar. Not too much, I beseech you, lest you fall
Into a surfeit of Love again ; too much
Of the honey of Wedlock is not good
For your palate.

Eum. We joy your Loves.

Fosc. If any be unkind henceforth to his Spouse,
May he suffer my penance ; there's some
Mystery behind, which you shall all know
At leisure : in the Interim, I acknowledge
My happiness, from you Lady.

Melv. I am glad it was in my power to serve
Your felicity in *Clarina's*.

Andr. And I rejoyce a kind Wife too, Gentlemen.

Melv. But take heed you don't presume ;

You know my power when I please.

Tox. These Women Conquerours are strangely noble

Clar. We own our Husbands from their mercy.

Andr. And we our freedoms.

Fosc. Souldiers in every vein Gentlemen,
And can drink a smart health or two as they
Discourse of Arms——and would they yield
Reasonable obedience to mankind, I'd wish
You all to match amongst them, they'd spirit
Flesh and blood indeed.

Alv. I long to be doing.

Arax. And I as much.

Tox. Could but the King come off nobly.

Fosc. He must, if the Queen do not once more
Change her vow.

Alv. No news yet of the General *Bassanes* ?

Eum. He vanish'd in a storm of darts ! but what
His fate is Heaven knows.

Enter *Draxanes*.

Drax. A word in private.

[*Whispers to Eumenes who deliver it to one another.*]

Eum. Is't possible?—

Drax. Rely your faiths on mine.

Tox. We are confirm'd.

Melv. You may admit us to Council,
Wives should partake their Husbands secrets.

Andr. You shall, you shall.

Fosc. And know we have wondrous things in hand.

Clar. If honourable, I'll venture all that's dear

To serve it.

Melv. And I as far engage.

Fosc. Such as must fill your bosoms full of joy—

Within more of particulars.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

Enter *Mandana*, *Darantbe*, *Cydane*, *Renone*, and others attending.

Mand. We have given our mercy to the King.

Daran. 'Twas gracious like your self.—

Mand. Nor will I blush to own

His Graces merit an esteem from us.

Cyd. The Queen is surely smitten with her great Captive?

Renon. Beyond a doubt.

Mand. Bring forth the King *Cydane*.

[*Ex. Cydane.*]

We'll treat him nobler yet, and make him joy

This day of Womens conquest.

Enter *Cydane*.

Cyd. Madam! the King's withdrawn.

Mind. How?

Cyd. Or else escap'd.

Mind. Blister'd be thy tongue

That brings such tidings to my heart—

Where is the Moor?

Cyd. Not to be found.

Enter *Statira*.

Mand. Her black Soul shall take a gloomy flight
To the other world for this.

Stat. I answer for her trust.

Mand.

Mand. Thy life shall bear hers company.

Stat. I am glad

To yield it up a Victim to your wrath,
Since that must raise a Trophy to my Love;
Where every Virgin of a faith like mine,
Will drop a tear to give my memory
A name, shall blast the glory of your Conquest.

Mand. Away with this fond woman; it is an Ague
To my blood to hear her reason thus. [*As they offer to carry her off.*]

Enter Bassanes disguis'd, with *Foscaris, Andrages, Drax, Enm, Tox.*
Alv. Arax. and others arm'd.

Bass. Hold and hear me first.

Mand. How! men in Arms before our presence?
Have we no Guard there?—

Bass. None but what I have plac'd;
And were your Women chang'd to Sons of *Mars*,
Nay, *Cadmus* fiercer issue joyn'd to them,
When ripen'd first to horror of mankind,
As the earth trembling did contain their roots;
This Sword of mine should mow 'em down
To smoothe the path I lead.

Mand. A combination of these humane things
So late our Arms reduc'd—
Methinks they should convert to nothing
From a look of mine; or I lose Majesty.

Daran. This surprisal was beyond the reach of thought.

Renon. 'Tis most ignoble.

Mand. And thou that seem'st an object
Fit to guide such base ingratitude,
What shall I call thee? Traytor?

Bass. A name that had an honour for your Soul,
That fill'd no less the world with wonders;
And lest your Womens frailty should stain
The brightness of your noble Deeds,
I thought it justice to resist your will,
Though I met Seas of danger in the act.

Mand. Bold and Impudent !

Bass. I must be plainer,
Do you not love the King ?

Mand. Suppose it granted —

Bass. Heaven does not —

And think not, Madam, that my blood,
Though it bears fire of honour in each vein,
But 'tis as cold to treachery ; nor does the Cause
That I maintain, less then command, without
An arm of force —

This Lady in her own fair right, methinks,
Should move you.

[To Statira]

Stat. May Heaven reward thy virtue !

Mand. She is the Kings lov'd ; but I have won
Him mine by Arms.

Bass. And therefore nobler conquest
To subdue your self: The Bays you wear
In triumph, else must wither on your brow,
Where Majesty and Beauties lustre twine
To make one Excellence.

Stat. What providence has
Blest me with this Advocate ?

Renon. I have seen a face resembles that.

[Pulls off his Beard
and Patches.

Daran. The Queen a little alters.

Mand. It must be he.

Bass. Behold then, Royal Madam, this face
Made but my own dark copy by disguise,
Thus clear'd to own it's just original.

Mand. Bassanes living ?

Bass. In which I wear
A mirror of my heart, that does without
A flattery express a Soul that highly
Honours yours, though it has seem'd divested
Of those Charms in making this reflection
On your justice, which here is one most
Powerful to incline.

[To Parisatis.

Enter Parisatis attended by Clarina and Melvissa.

Mand. What is this Lady ?

Cyd.

Cyd. The Queen *Parisatis*, Madam.

Mand. It cannot be ;

A meer imposture to abuse me.

Renon. We must avow 'tis she.

Mand. I am all wonder.

Stat. And I no less rejoyce to see you live ;
I hope you'll pardon, that I claim'd an interest
In your Kings affection, when 'twas assur'd
You had no Being in the world.

Par. And I more humbly beg one here ;
Nor shall it e're be told that *Parisatis*
Walk'd in that dark Cloud (though it vail'd her
Actings for preservation of the life and love
Of her *Tysamnes*) to live, your trust abus'd,
Without a pardon from your lips.

Daran. This Woman's brave.

Par. Nor shall you loose, besides,
One fruit of victory.

Mand. You were the *Moor* then ?

Par. The same, most Royal Madam——

And if you are my Subjects, prostrate
Your selves and swords, with me, at these
Majestick feet. [Kneels.

Mand. This is a Conquest happier then all ;
Nor shall e're Woman boast she had the better
Of *Mandana's* honour---- Madam, you have [To *Parisatis*.
Forgiveness---- take up your weapons worthy Souldiers.

Bass. You are highly gracious.

Mand. Where is the King ?

Par. 'Twas but given out he had escap'd.

Mand. *Bassanes*, you'll attend him to us.

Enter *Tysamnes* whispering *Bassanes*, *Foscaris*, *Andr.* *Tox.* *Alc.*
Arax. *Drax.* *Eumenes*.

Tysam. Do I then live to be thus happy in
Your grace and pardon ?

Mand. Your Queen has conquer'd me *Tysamnes*,

After the power of your Arms was made,
My valour's glory ; nor did the darts of Love,
Which I confess, made some impression here, [Pointing to her
Leave wounds but to be heal'd more happily— breast.
I vow'd you, Sir, to love.

Par. No change I hope. [Aside.

Mand. And thus will make your offering here ;
She is a Jewel of a Crown indeed. [Presents him to the Queen.

Tysam. I take her on my knees—
She is too great a blessing, thus restor'd [Kneels.
To my embrace, to be with less devotion own'd
From Heaven, imploring (as I kneel) thy pardon.

Par. You have it Sir, though not a gift, where you
Command a duty ; which when most passive
In a Wife, does but refine the gold of Vertue.

Tysam. Why didst thou take this Cloud ?

Par. To dye unknown, or serve your safety.

Daran. A most heroick constancy.

Tysam. Thy vertue's richer
Then the world's vast globe, were it
Converted to one purest Diamond.

Mand. And does as far exceed what story can relate.

Tysam. But I have yet a load of mercy here
To beg, my crime of Love to thee *statyra*,
Which else must cloud this day of comforts,
And bring eternal night upon my soul.

Stat. Though I have lost an expectation of
My greatest bliss in your enjoyment,
That in warm sighs might soon dissolve
A Virgins heart like mine, yet I can feel
No want of happiness, since I behold
Your Souls, that have already mingl'd joys,
Meet thus, and kiss each other.

Tysam. Heaven must reward thy goodness.

Par. And my for ever obligation.

Mand. This days example gives to Love
Such brave repute, that I who both have fought,
And men commanded, could even yield

To hold my Scepter from obedience.

Tysam. Here is a Prince within your eye (I hope
More near your heart) that might deserve
To rule a Throne like yours.

Mand. I know him noble.

Bass. And one, most Royal Madam, that owns
A soul, you have an interest to command
E're since I first beheld the glory of your charms:
Pardon me, I now avow it, that rather
To express my wonder of your vertue,
Should by an humble distance still admire.

Mand. 'Tis in my power to bring you nearer:
Bassanes is a Prince may well become
An Empress of the world's great choice; and were
Mandana such, she would not think her Love
Or Greatness stoop'd to match with thine.

Bass. You make me more than happy.

Mand. And I that honour Arms, and thy fam'd Deeds
In War, will call it noblest triumph
To yield thy Love a victory o're mine.

Bass. This bounty stream's so powerful on my heart,
That I may fear it's guide, in such a Sea
Of joys you bring.

Mand. I am yours for ever, dear *Bassanes*.

Drax. This day surpasses wonder.

Fosc. I knew it must conclude with some
Extraordinary Love-miracle besides my own.

[*Aside.*]

Mund. *Darante*! we must now no more make war,
I have match'd a Soldier.

Bass. One that will live and dye your just admirer.

Mund. And Women, here divest
Your selves of Arms with me.

[*They take off their Arms.*]

Dar. Ren. Cyd. We all obey your Majesty.

Mand. And let your conquests henceforth be to love,
And give Men sole supremacy.—

I hope our Kingdoms shall unite in making
Laws may fit each Sexes duty.

[*To Tysannes.*]

Tysam. I am oblig'd for *Parisatis* sake

To

To make Decrees, no arbitrary will
Of man shall henceforth reject a Wife.

Mind. Our Crowns will have a blessed union then —
What pattern shall we take?

Tysam. Such as the world
With best content does practise.

Basf. Or what's most
Laudable, the form of happy England.

Mand. It has been most approv'd.

Par. Now Ladies, you are all well pleas'd to see
This peace that smiles upon your Loves, and gives
Both Sexes with our Crowns, such happiness.

Clar. A welcom joy.

Melv. We now can call our Husbands
Ours by lawful duty.

Andr. I am glad to hear that word.

Fosc. And I to be secur'd thus; I was in no small
Apprehension, this female victory
Might have imporw'd them to part with us;
What a mockery of Love's Magick had I been then?

Mand. My Warriours, you will all take Husbands now?
Here are men fit to match your spirits.

Daran. Your great example must invite it.

Tysam. What shall this day do for thee fair Statyræ?
The bounty of thy soul deserves a recompence
Above what tongue can speak, that spreads
A volume of thy goodness, fit only
For the eye of Heaven to read.

Stat. And thither I'll devote my love,
Though while I live, no day shall pass without
A contemplation of your happiness.

Mand. You will not soon depart?

Par. For *Parisatis* sake you must not.

Stat. 'Tis my ambition first to fill an humble place
In your bright train of triumphs.

Tysam. For which thou dost deserve a Chariot
Of Celestial substance,
Mov'd by the wings of *Seraphims*.

And

And every Virgin of most noble soul,
 Attending thee with Songs of Raptures,
 The Muses (as fair Hand-maids to thy vertue)
 Their best of Poets should inspire.

Stat. You too much honour my small merits.

Bass. This day does claim a glory from your worth,
 And next my just devotion here— my heart [To Mandana.
 Shall keep an Altar sacred to *Parisatis*
 Constant love and praise, with yours.

Stat. And mine no less
 Shall speak *Bassane's* fame.

Par. I'll be your Rival Madam, there—
 That am oblig'd unto this noble Prince [To *Bassanes*.
 By highest gratitude.

Tysan. And I above express on thine. [To *Bassanes*.

Mand. *Tysannes* with your Queen must lead
 The way unto our joys—

And Women hence from us this pattern take,
 Love, and obedience, your best conquests make. *Ex. Omnes.*

Epilogue

Spoken by the Queen of Amazon

W E Amazons did here undertake
 Against whose Darts, what Woman wears a Shield
 This War our Poet taught us by his Pen,
 But 'twas to be such Conquerors, as should
 At you bight, Ladies, when you Cupids bow
 Nor will we doubt if you protect our fear,
 Though gainst our Common Critics we may
 Such Poets no Amazons & we will not
 Besides the stratagems you Gallants know
 Our Plays defeat our worst our Women too,
 A Mills that's fine we cannot keep for you.
 Then Gentlemen, since Love is much your way,
 Be well advis'd how y' are unkind to day,
 Lest we despise all such who damn our Play.
 Our Poet needs not apprehend what right
 You Wits will do him, or your fashions spite,
 That's their concern who do for Money write.
 But with the Actors you may deal far worse,
 For if you damn this Play, 'tis half their curse,
 Considering how its charge has plagu'd their Purse.
 Which if you do, I'll tell you what they say,
 They'll venture no more cost upon a Play,
 You shall have Parcs good store a cheaper way.

FINIS.

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